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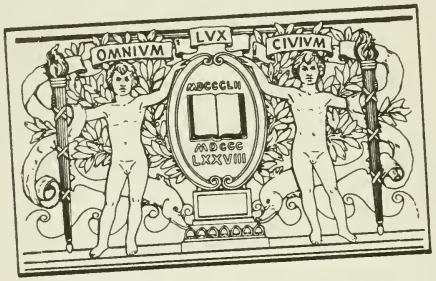

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THE FLOWER MONSTER. *Page* 13.

WONDER-WORLD

STORIES

FROM THE
CHINESE, FRENCH, GERMAN, HEBREW, HINDOOSTANEE, HUNGARIAN,
IRISH, ITALIAN, JAPANESE, RUSSIAN, SWEDISH,
AND TURKISH

COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED

BY

MARIE PABKE AND MARGERY DEANE

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1877

THE translators have collected these Fairy stories, legends, tales of enchantment, etc., for the entertainment of lovers of wonder lore, and hope that such will find as much pleasure in their perusal as have the collectors in their preparation. The effort has been made to select characteristic stories of the nations represented, and those which have never before appeared in English, and to preserve as far as possible the peculiarities of each. Thanks are due to many persons who have rendered valuable assistance in obtaining the stories in the original, and sometimes the literal translations of the same.

M. P.

M. D.

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FABLE AND TRUTH

INTRODUCTION.

FABLE AND TRUTH.

MADAM TRUTH, denuded quite,
Wandered from her well one day;
Time her charms had worn away;
Old and young fled from her sight.
Waiting and shivering there she stayed,
No refuge finding where to bide,
When, approaching her, she spied
Madam Fable, gorgeously arrayed,
Wearing plumes and diamonds —
Mostly false but brilliant ones.
"Ah! is it you? Good day," she cried;
"What do you here, 'lone on the way?"
"You see, I *freeze*," Dame Truth replied;
"Of passers-by, in vain, I pray
A shelter for me to provide;

I fright them all. Ah! well I see
There's nothing more for dames like me."
"Yet younger still you are than I,"
Said Fable, "and, without conceit,
I everywhere a welcome meet;
But, tell me also, Dame Truth, why
You show yourself entirely nude.
'Tis not adroit. Stay! let's see whether
We can combine for mutual good;
Come 'neath my robe, we'll walk together.
Because of *you*, I shall not be
Among the *wise* rejected;
Among the *fools*, because of *me*
Shall *you* not be neglected.
Thus, serving each according to his taste,
Thanks to your wisdom, to my folly thanks,
You'll see, my sister, that, wherever placed,
Together we shall pass among all ranks."

—*From the French of Florian.*

THE FLOWER-MONSTER

THE FLOWER-MONSTER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF B. PAUL.]

THERE FELL A MILD MAY RAIN. It was delicious, as it came softly and gently down on the thirsty leaves and flowers, and was drunk in by them; and though it forced many lilac and fruit blossoms from their delicate stems, so that their leaves were scattered on the ground, it made their sister blossoms all the prettier, and there was the wonderful fragrance of May in field and forest.

But the little many-legged fellows, who like so much to crawl over the plants, from the great trees even to the tiny grass blades, do not love the rain as well as the plants do, and hide themselves, seeking shelter under them; for even such a fine May shower is to them what a water-spout is to us.

Under the wide-spreading plantains, which grew so luxuriantly along the path that it seemed to them a long forest, some of these little crawlers had assembled; and while they listened to the rattling of the drops on the leafy roofs above them, they related to each other the news of the world.

There were several of the spider kind present — May-bugs, brown beetles, lady-bugs, black earth-beetles and ants — all crowding around one grumbling old brown beetle, who had just told them some great news.

"I have not seen it myself, and can only tell what I have heard," said the brown-beetle. "Oh this stupid rain! I wish I had remained on my tree, and not undertaken this excursion where it has surprised me."

"But, dear Brown-beetle," cried the Lady-bug, "a 'Flower-monster'? No such a thing ever existed! It is incredible that there is a flower which does not live on dew and air and sunshine, but catches live insects and sucks their blood!"

"I cannot help its being so," muttered the Brown-beetle.

"And one does not even know its name," continued the little one. "We are already surrounded by many watchful enemies on the earth and in the air, and now we have also to dread the dear little flowers, and live in fear of being devoured by them."

"It is indeed dreadful!" chimed in the others. "We must know if there really is such a Flower-monster, what its name is, and where it lives; for then we can, at least, beware of it."

After long talking and much quarreling, the insects decided to send some of their number to make discoveries, and, at an appointed hour, they would meet again at the same place and report what they had learned of the wonderful Flower-monster.

The Lady-bug belonged to this expedition. It peeped cautiously forth from the leafy forest, to see if the rain had

ceased. Splash! fell a drop on its head. That was indeed a shock! The poor bug instantly swooned; that is, it lay on its back, and drew in all its feelers and legs. Such a drop was to it what a bucket of water is to us; and who would not faint at such a douche! But the water soon ran from its polished wings, and it stretched out, first its feet, then its feelers, and finally crawled upon its legs and shook itself.

"Oh!" it cried, "that was a fright!" And it ran quickly out from under the leaf, to prevent other drops from falling on it.

"Hurrah! it has stopped raining, and the sun shines!"

Then it spread its wings; first, those like an overdress, smooth and spotted with red; then the transparent, lace-like ones beneath, which were like an underdress; and with a *whirr* flew away up into the air and over the meadows.

"I wonder where this dreadful monster is?" it thought, "and how it looks. It must be red — blood red — or at least with bloody spots. Oh dear, this is too awful!"

It even looked distrustfully upon all its kind old friends in the meadow; at the good dandelion, which spread its leaves in the sunshine; at the little blue-bells, on which the rain-drops still trembled; yes, even on the little innocent daisies and the dear blue forget-me-nots. But as they did not look in the least frightful or murderous, it took courage and flew over them, and asked:

"Do you know a Flower-monster?"

"A Flower-monster?" tittered the astonished flowers, nudging each other; "what can that be?"

Then the Lady-bug told them of its mission.

"We know nothing about it. We bloom in the sunshine, and do not care for such things." And the flowers bent toward each other, and laughed and whispered together.

Now flowers and insects understand each other, and the Lady-bug knew very well what they said concerning its questions, and it flew on over the meadow. In a mossy piece of ground, not far from the brook, lived the dearest friend it possessed. To her it flew as often as possible, and after telling her the news, it would sit modestly on the grass opposite, lost in admiration.

The little stem rose hardly a span from the ground, and from the reddish white flowers which formed its crown little yellow eyes peeped out innocently and child-like. Around the stem, near the ground, spread out pretty green leaves, crossed by delicate red veins; and on the edge of each leaf glistened a row of clear, transparent drops, which seemed to have been put forth by the leaves, and sparkled now in the sunshine like precious stones.

"Dear little Sun-dew—or, to call thee by thy ceremonious name, Drosera"*—cried the Lady-bug, "here I am, to chat with thee again. What thinkest thou I am seeking?" And then it told its friend of the Flower-monster.

Drosera heard, and her diamond edges glistened. The Lady-bug sat quite still and admired her beauty. Suddenly it became excited, because a great Daddy-long-legs was striding over the moss toward Drosera.

"Thou block-head!" cried the Lady-bug, as it ran, ready for fight, after the spider. "Dost thou not see that a lady

* Drosera rotundifolia.

stands here? Did anyone ever see such a ruffian!" At that it pinched the spider in the legs, so that he limped off into the grass.

"He knows no better," whispered Drosera. "Thou must overlook it."

"Indeed thou art kind. Thou art much too kind," answered the little Lady-bug. "Farewell! I must continue my journey; but I will visit thee again soon." And it kissed its hand to her, by placing one fore-leg upon its little proboscis.

Not far off, near a rock, there lived a hermit, whom the Lady-bug knew well. It was a Milleped—a Scolopendra. Millepeds are said to grow very old. This one was quite aged, and was—though that does not always follow—very wise; for in its long life it had kept both ears and eyes open. At the foot of the rocks was its hermitage—a little hole. High moss grew like a forest around it, and the Milleped lay stretched out at full length among the moss trees, sunning itself after the rain; for moisture, with sunshine, is the true weather for Millepeds.

"It is a long time since I have set eyes upon thee; and though I have many legs, they grow feebler and weaker every day; so that I cannot hunt thee up myself, thou unsteady fellow!"

"Milleped," said the Lady-bug, "I am also weak, but it is from seeking. Knowest thou—thou who hast had so much experience—of a Flower-monster, which feeds on insects blood?"

The Milleped curled itself thoughtfully. It really knew

nothing about it; but it was never willing to confess its ignorance of anything.

"Many years ago," it said, "I traveled for my education, and I came into the park there behind the village. For several weeks I stopped on the hot-house walls, and looked through the windows. Indeed, I even went once inside, for a walk among the vines; but it was too warm for me. There I saw two plants, which may be what thou art seeking. I wished to crawl over the leaves of one on to its branches, but I nearly fell down; for as soon as my fore-legs touched the leaf, it snapped together under me. I afterwards saw that this strange plant folded itself together at every touch, were it ever so gentle. They called it, I am quite sure, the modest Mimosa."*

"Oh, no!" said the Lady-bug, "the Flower-monster is not so modest as that; on the contrary, it is said to seize everything that approaches it."

"Then," replied the Milleped, "it must be the other plant. That one shut tightly over all that crawled or fell upon it, and its leaves held them, when their strength permitted it — as for example, insects — till they were quite suffocated."

"Did it suck their blood? Did it feed upon them?" anxiously asked the Lady-bug.

"No: as soon as it ceased to feel any motion or resistance, it let their bodies fall; and I have often seen dozens of dead flies lying around the flower-pot."

"Then, after all, it was not the real Flower-monster.

* Sensitive plant.

Mine feeds on blood, instead of on dew and sunshine. Oh! it is horrid!"

The Milleped was silent and ill-humored.

"Why is it?" queried the little bug, after a pause. "Why is it that the existence of one depends upon the destruction of another? The little midge contentedly hums, and eats the tiny creatures it meets in the air; meanwhile the spider, in his web, watches longingly for the midge, and finally catches it in the net, and devours it. But again, while the spider is so occupied, there comes a little bird and snatches it away; and the bird, in turn, must hide itself quickly in the bushes, for enemies without number seek its life. Thus the course of Nature is successive destruction."

"As they have sinned so are they punished," snarled the Milleped. "But, do not forget, that close upon destruction always come new life and progress. Sometime, according to my opinion, a reconciling adjustment must take place; and then probably all things will be so perfected and refined, that the existence of one will not depend upon the death of another. But that time is yet far distant, I fear; till then let us adapt ourselves to circumstances, and — but I scent an enemy! It rustles in the moss forest. Yes, there he is coming — the ugly stag-beetle! Let us hide ourselves in the hermitage; it is too narrow for the monster. Alas! we cannot even devote our old age to peaceful contemplation. Everywhere follows us the inevitable necessity of destruction, in order that there may be new life."

Shaking their heads, they drew back into security, and

there remained until the enemy had passed by. Then the Lady-bug flew on.

Cautiously it buzzed up the wall of rock to a giddy hight. From a crevice, where some earth had found place, flowers blossomed forth luxuriantly; but they all looked kind and harmless. Even a tall Alpine rose — which stood so high, and ought therefore to be far-seeing — knew nothing of the Flower-monster. The little bug returned to the ground, and as it slowly glided over the field, it suddenly perceived a very strange-looking flower, and close by it another, still stranger.

From their decided family resemblance, they seemed to be relatives. The first plant appeared to be covered with moths; but, on looking closer, one saw that they were flowers, and not insects. The other was frightful. Between two little white blossoms, clinging like up-flying pigeons, rested a small black skull.

"Dear heaven! this is it!" whispered the bug, and it seated itself in the grass, that it might watch it.

But insects of all kinds flew around and about the flowers, and fearlessly spoke to them, and flew away unharmed. Then the Lady-bug took heart, and addressed the little skull. Having learned their name — the flowers were really cousins, and were called Butterfly-orchids — it told them frankly what it had thought of them.

"I know I am strange," said the flower, softly, "perhaps I am ugly; but I am not therefore bad. I hurt nobody. Now, there is the meadow-mole; it has pushed my roots half out of the ground, and spiders and beetles crawl over me, and hum in my ears. I do not like it, but I do not defend myself; I would not even know how to do so."

"Thou art right," said the little beetle, ashamed; "there stands, in the distance, the thorny burr-reed. It looks quite boorish, and yet we know how harmless and peaceable it is. Even the unapproachable thistle cannot help it, when one of us is speared by getting too near it; it is then the saddest, for it has a soft heart under its hard shell. But ugly thou art not, Butterfly-orchid; only the unnatural is ugly, and above thy death's-head, thou hast the symbol of resurrection—a pair of innocent doves flying toward heaven. That is a beautiful thought, my little Butterfly-orchid. But I must go now. At sunset I have to be again beneath the plantain forest, to report. But I can find nothing. Perhaps it is all a fable."

And it flew over the meadow and stopped by the side of its dear friend Drosera, who stood there as quiet and lovely as ever, in her diamond sheen. And it looked at her, and thought how beautiful she was, and began its narrative.

"But," it exclaimed, angrily, "how dare any one be so insolent! Some one has thrown a shriveled spider's-leg on thy leaves!—and there lies still another! Politeness and gallantry toward ladies exist no longer in the world," it grumbled, and it sat down again, and gazed at the sun-dew flower.

"Have a care! she is false!" whispered a moss-flower in its ear. But, incensed at such slander, it bit off the poor little flower's head, so that the moss could give no more warning until the next Spring.

And now, by chance, there came running thither a little ant, seemingly in great haste. It went straight to the flower, and, before the exasperated Lady-bug could hold it back, it had stepped upon one of the red-veined leaves of Drosera.

Alas! what did it behold? — the poor little Lady-bug! One of the diamond drops on the edge of the leaf fastened like glue upon the legs of the ant, and instantly the whole leaf closed around and pressed the little creature tightly.

"Oh, I die! I am sucked to death!" cried the ant, and its voice died away.

The poor little Lady-bug was benumbed. Involuntarily, it fell on its back and drew in its legs and feelers.

"O thou shameful one! O thou abominable one!" it cried, when it had with difficulty struggled up again. "I thought thee so good, so innocent! O thou terrible one!"

"I cannot help it," said the flower, "that I am dependent on this, and cannot live on dew and sunshine. I cannot help it! — *I must eat.*"

"Then eat me, also," exclaimed the despairing beetle. "I no longer wish to live."

"Keep back!" cried the flower; "thou art dead, if thou touchest me."

But it was too late. Rashly the Lady-bug had rushed upon its leaves; over it also shut the leaf tightly together, and the red veins sucked its blood.

* * * * *

The sun went down. Beneath the plantain forest the insects gathered, and related to each other how they had learned nothing in their voyages of discovery. This so often happens in such voyages, that it was nothing extraordinary.

The Lady-bug came not. Finally, they decided to seek it, and a fire-fly went ahead as a light. By the side of Drosera, in the moss near the beheaded brown moss-floweret,

they found its little red and black coat. There was a great lamentation.

"Some hostile animal has devoured our poor friend!" lamented they.

The coat was buried with great splendor and solemnity.

"It has gained a glorious name and a fine epitaph; for it died in the cause of science," they said.

"We know it — we know it," murmured the moss-flowers, nodding their little brown heads; and soon all the meadow sang the story of the little beetle murdered by its friend.

The insects listened. Then rage seized them. They came in crowds, and rushed upon Drosera. She stood still, and looked innocently out from the reddish-white blossoms, with her little yellow eyes. Around her leaves glistened the drops, like jewels.

Now the avenging insects rushed upon her; they fell upon her, and gnawed her smooth stem and her roots.

But the leaves closed over their enemies; many a one, stifled, had to give up its life.

"I cannot help it," murmured the flower once more. "*I must eat.*"

Her stem was broken off. Her crown fell down on to one of her own leaves which, dying, closed over the pretty flowercups, and bedewed them with tears.

When the sun rose again, the flower lay faded on the ground, and around about it were many crushed insects, whose bodies the withered leaves had released. All of the other flowers, and the insects looked at the battle-field, and the moss sang about it; but soon the story was forgotten — so many other things happened in the world.

The summer passed away, and after the winter-sleep came the spring and the May once more.

Again there fell a mild May rain; again there was the wonderful fragrance in wood and meadow; again, in the moss field, near the brook, bloomed afresh a lovely little flower, whose dew-bordered leaves sparkled in the sunshine.

Flies, Moths, and all ye Creepers! take heed! what seems charming can be dangerous. It is ever the same in Nature. To destroy, and to be destroyed—Death and Resurrection.

The pretty little Drosera still sings, "*I must eat.*"

THE WEDDING GIFT

THE WEDDING GIFT.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF JACQUES PORCHAT.]

IN THE VILLAGE OF MONT CHERI, where all the women are pretty, not one was to be compared to Rosalbine; and though she was the poorest, all the young men sought her in marriage. Her companions were also very impatient that she should make a choice; for while Rosalbine remained unmarried, they were neglected, and no wedding could take place in the village.

Rosalbine's father, finding himself pressed to select a son-in-law from among his many young neighbors, none of whom he wished to disoblige, promised that he would bestow his daughter on him who would find and bring to her this wedding gift: —

"That which on earth is the most ancient, the least durable, the most admired, and the worst treated; which speaks without a voice, and is only useful after its death."

When the father had thus spoken, all the suitors pondered awhile over the riddle, and then went in different directions to seek what had been required of them. Some retired into

deep solitude, to meditate on this great mystery; others went from place to place, asking all whom they met if they could tell them what "on earth was the most ancient, the least durable, the most admired, and the worst treated; which speaks without a voice, and is only useful after its death."

The passers-by laughed in their faces, and went their way; and those who had banished themselves to solitude were equally far from unraveling the mystery. They rubbed their foreheads, pulled their hair, and beat their heads; but they could not make the desired truth come forth. Some consulted the fortune-tellers, who found themselves as embarrassed as the inquirers.

Who was in deep sorrow while the young men made diligent search? It was the beautiful Rosalbine. She trembled lest the secret should be discovered by some one other than Masael, whom she loved, and who loved her. If she had known what it was that her father required, she would not have hesitated to impart it to her lover; but she was as ignorant as the others of the secret on which depended her fate. As one can indeed imagine, Masael passionately wished to discover the treasure; but he did not shut himself up in some solitary retreat; nor did he waste his time in questioning the passers-by, or in consulting the magicians or fortune-tellers. He was a good and honest boy, the son of a poor widow, and he did not cease to work a single day for the support of his mother; but at the same time he silently sought to divine the happy secret.

Rosalbine's father received frequent visits from his young neighbors, who came, with an air of triumph, to offer what

they imagined to be the wedding gift. The pretty one trembled and waited, with her eyes fixed on her father, for the fatal word, and only breathed freely after hearing the invariable reply —

"It is not that!"

And the lovers, after making a most humble obeisance to the ungrateful Rosalbine, would retire with their gifts, and with sad faces.

One day, while Masael was working in the field, a magnificent butterfly alighted near him and attracted his attention. This butterfly was unlike any he had ever seen. It was of extraordinary size, and had blue, heart-shaped wings, bordered with red. On its head was a kind of crest, which one might have mistaken for a cluster of diamonds.

After giving the young man time to admire it leisurely, it took flight and circled four times around his head, as if to salute him. The young villager, having but one thought in his mind, addressed the wonderful creature, and said:

"Beautiful butterfly! art thou a kind fairy who takes pity on my trouble, and comes to tell me what I so long to know? If I have guessed rightly, come, I pray thee, and alight on my hand, and be assured thy confidence will not be abused."

He had scarcely ceased talking and hardly reached out his right hand before the butterfly rested upon it. It moved its brilliant wings and looked steadily at the young man, who exclaimed: "Thou hast understood me, beautiful butterfly! Canst thou end my troubles?"

The butterfly made an affirmative sign with its pretty head and bending body.

"Wilt thou be my guide?" said Masael quickly, already full of hope. "I will follow thee till I have found the treasure for which Rosalbine's father asks."

When he had ceased to speak, the butterfly flew away slowly, in order that Masael might follow, toward the meadow, where it alighted on the first flower.

"Patience!" said the son of the widow to himself. "A butterfly cannot give up its habits. I will wait and follow when it changes its place."

But the butterfly did not move, and Masael repeated his prayer. Then his guide fluttered about the flower and suddenly flew toward heaven, circling like the lark, and came down like an arrow to the flower it had just left.

"What!" cried Masael, "are we not to leave here? Amiable fairy, I beseech thee, let us go quickly on our way. Show me what there is on earth the most ancient, the least durable, the"——

While uttering these words he had a sudden inspiration; he struck his forehead and cried out:

"I have found it! It is even this!" And running to the flower, which the butterfly had left, as if giving it up to him, he plucked it and pressed it to his heart. The butterfly having alighted on a neighboring flower, Masael picked that also. In a few moments they had been over the meadow, and the young man noticed that his guide, never alighting twice on the same kind of blossom, had arranged for him, with perfect taste, a boquet of field flowers, the most beautiful ever seen.

Arriving at the end of the meadow, the butterfly flew

four times around his protégé's head, and, circling upwards in the air, disappeared in the sky.

Full of joyous hope, Masael ran to the house of Rosalbine's father, and presented the boquet to the young daughter. To the father, who was already smiling, he said —

"The flowers preceded the fruits on the earth; nothing is more ancient than flowers — nothing is less durable; one admires them above all things, and one treats them cruelly; the hand tears them from their stems; the scythe cuts them without mercy; they speak without a voice, for they have for the lover a mute language. Finally, in order that they be useful, the hand of the botanist, the teeth of the cattle, and the steel of the mower, must take their life!"

Rosalbine's father said to Masael —

"Be thou my son-in-law; for thou bringest to my daughter the wedding gift I have asked for her!"

THE BRIDE OF THE WIND

THE BRIDE OF THE WIND.

[FROM THE RUSSIAN OF AKHSCHAROUMOFF.]

I.

A PEASANT HAD EMIGRATED into a foreign country, and had built a house there; but the location which he had chosen was not a good one. It was open upon all sides, and when the Wind came upon the house, it howled in fury because it stood in its path; raged about like a wild beast; seized and tore at the roof; rattled at the shutters; strove to force its way through the door; and sometimes rushed with such force against the walls that everything trembled.

"I will tear down thy house," it said. "Why hast thou built it in my way?" But the peasant apprehended it not; he was only angry because the wind was so quarrelsome.

"What the mischief does it want with me?" he growled one evening, when it had become quite dark without, and the Wind had again begun to rage and storm. His young wife glanced at her step-daughter and said, jestingly, "He wants to woo thy Mascha!"

"Don't be absurd!" said the peasant.

"Why is it absurd? Dost thou not see how he clings to

her? Let her but step out of the house and there he is! He overtakes her, he embraces her, seizes her dress and whispers in her ears, . . . and when she turns away from him and goes into the house again, he tries to press in with her.". . .

She had not ceased speaking when, in the distance, there arose the howling and crashing of the Wind rushing like a drove of wild horses nearer and nearer toward the house. It became quiet for a moment, as if to gather fresh strength; then suddenly rushed onward with all its might. The cottage trembled from cellar to roof; the door flew open, and from without came dreadful sounds. The heavy oaken table shook, the crockery fell clattering to the floor, and at the same moment the light went out, and the house became as dark as a chimney, so that none of them, in their fright, could see what had happened. Immediately after, it became quiet again and the door closed softly.

The peasant ventured to grope about in the darkness, and finding the tinder-box, struck a light with trembling hands. Behold! in the room sat a guest, gigantic, shaggy-haired, with bristling beard and a terrible, wicked face.

"Good evening, peasant," said he, "I have long intended to come to thee, and more than once have I knocked at thy door, but thou hast never had the kindness to let me in; so be not angry that I come to thee now an uninvited guest."

"Who art thou?"

"As if thou did'st not know me!—I am, my little* bro-

* It is a custom of the Russians, in friendly discourse, to address each other by diminutive titles.

ther, the Wind — the master of this place. The Earth, as far as the eye can reach, and further still, around and about, is mine; and because thou hast settled here without my permission, thou shalt pay me now a compensation."

"What compensation would'st thou have?"

"This, my friend. Thou hast a beautiful daughter; give her to me. If thou wilt give her willingly, I will leave thee in peace; not a single hair of thine will I blow away; not a single blade of straw will I take from thy roof. But, if thou dost not give her to me, then I know what I will do with thee. I will come to thee with my brothers, Thunder and Hail, and will also bring with me my sister, the black Thunder-cloud, with her whip of fire. My sister will fire thy hay-ricks and burn down thy barns. My brothers will strike down thy cattle and grain; and I myself will, with my own hands, tear down thy house and scatter all thy possessions, so that not one splinter shall ever find another again."

When the peasant heard this speech, he grew faint with terror, and fell at the feet of the giant.

"Mercy!" cried he, "Do not tempt me. Take from my goods whatever thou desirest. I will give thee everything. I will serve thee — will plough and thrash for thee."

"I do not need those things," said the giant. "I have told thee that I want thy daughter."

"But, have mercy! How can I give her to thee? Thou wilt plunge her into destruction — wilt rend her into pieces — wilt carry her, Heaven knows where!"

"Nonsense!" answered the Giant, "let her only wander

with me into the wide world, and admire the far foreign countries. The girl cannot always remain sitting behind the stove. And thou need'st not worry about her dress. If I tear one I will give her another; and I pledge thee my word, that with me she shall not be clad more poorly than an empress. I will cover her with pigeon-grey mists, and clothe her with golden clouds, and bedeck her with blossoms of flowers, wrap her in silken cobwebs, bathe her in rain, and dry her in red sunshine."

This speech amazed the peasant and his wife, but still more the daughter. It troubled her greatly to hear the giant speak, and she sat nestling closely to her father, hiding her eyes with her sleeve, and peeping forth only by stealth.

"Why art thou silent now?—Art thou unwilling to grant my request? Art thou anxious on account of my threat; or dost thou, perchance, desire me to give thee time? Well, then, I give thee until mid-day to-morrow. At mid-day, when the sun hides behind the clouds, and the whirlwind begins to turn in the fields, lead thy daughter before the house and surrender her to me. If thou dost not surrender her—dost not fulfil my request—then it will fare bad with thee. I will blow thy possessions to atoms, and make thee a beggar!"

After the Wind had thus spoken, he whistled and flew off. The door closed behind him as if some one had slammed it in anger. The peasant was terrified, and knew not what to do; but his young wife whispered in his ears:

"What more is wanted for her? What king shall she

still expect? This is a serious suitor. . . . . See! he is master over the whole earth! If thou dost not agree with him, it will fare bad with us: it will not be well for me nor for thee nor for thy daughter; he will make us all beg from door to door; but if thou dost agree with him, then it will be well with us. Thou hast heard what he has promised. With him she will be clothed like an empress, covered with pigeon-grey mists, dressed in golden clouds, bedecked with flowers, wrapped in silken cobwebs!"

Thus whispered the woman to the peasant; but she herself had something else in her mind. If only she could get rid of her step-daughter as soon as possible, so that they should meet with no misfortune because of her, then the devil might carry her off, for all that she cared.

"Let him adorn her as he pleases," said she to herself. "The pigeon-grey mist is, after all, not covering of eider down; the clouds are not dresses of brocade; and cobwebs are not lace. Let her hated beauty be wet in the rain and dried in the sun, and let this pot-head carry her thousands of miles away, only let her not remain here."

And so she persuaded the peasant not to quarrel with the Wind, and to give Mascha to him.

The next day, at mid-day, the sun began to hide behind the clouds, and the whirl-wind began to turn in the field. They dressed the girl prettily, and led her before the house; but she was already awaited there by some one. She was received. The Wind began to howl, and she disappeared.

II.

From this time forth everything was quiet on the farm; except, now and then, there was a whistling behind the door or a soft knocking at the window. The peasant would go to see what it was, and ask:

"Who is there?" and receive as answer:

"It is I, the Wind. I have brought thee a greeting from thy daughter."

"Oh! dear son-in-law, come in! Sit down awhile with us; rest a little; eat bread and salt with us, and tell me something about my daughter. Where is my darling? How does she live? Is she well and happy?" But it invariably happened that the Wind had no time. He always whirled about, whistled, and was gone.

He was an audacious fellow, and a vagabond; had an unsteady character; and it was difficult to live with him. At first, it was very hard for the peasant's daughter. She had endured many hardships. He had dragged her with him into all far countries, so that she was quite shabby, torn and fatigued. They slept upon mossy beds in the thick forests; in snow banks, in the far North; upon the hot sand, on the plains; and she had had no rest. If she tried to cover herself with anything, he tore it off and blew it away. When she began to sleep, he shook her so that she awoke.

Thus it went on for a long time; when Mascha found that things were so bad she began to reproach him:

"O, thou—thou pot-head! thou old fool!" she cried; "thou hast not even one asylum—no roof, no floor, no shelter,

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nowhere, in which to leave thy young wife. And, besides, thou art doing nothing useful. Thou dost not sow; thou dost not reap; thou hast no trade; art no merchant; thou hast nothing with which to clothe or feed me. Wherefore, then, thou good-for-nothing, hast thou wooed me? Why hast thou dragged me from my father's house? Thou villain! thou did'st desire to ruin me."

When the Wind heard these words, he became very angry. Upon his thick lips white foam appeared.

"Aha!" said he, "thou beginnest to oppose me! Wait, I will soon quiet thee!" He flew toward her, seized her long braids of hair, and tore at them. The poor creature lost consciousness. When he had satisfied his malice, he bore her, half dead, to a desolate country, and left her lying there.

"Stay here, if to be with me pleaseth thee not, and wait till I return;" and away he flew.

III.

Mascha remained alone. She lay, scarcely breathing, thinking that her last hour had come; but it was not so. After she had lain some time, feeling herself uncomfortable, and that the sun burned upon her, she aroused herself. She arose and looked about. There was nothing but great rocks around her, except that in some places weak little trees grew in the crevices. She became thirsty, but no water was to be seen, and so she went forth to seek some. She went treading gingerly with her bare feet on the hot stones. She

dragged and dragged herself along, but still could find no water. Everything was dry, and her thirst grew more intense. Suddenly she heard, somewhere not far away, a noise — a fluttering of wings — and saw a great duck rising from a rock.

"Oh!" thought she, "I will see where it was sitting." When she came to the spot, she saw a slight hollow in the rock, and in the hollow, a little pool from the rain — so small that it was almost dry, only a little remaining; but she was thankful for even that — so glad, that if she had had to give half of her life for the little drop, she would have given it gladly. She lay down on the ground, but scarcely had she prepared to drink, when she heard something growling behind her.

"Miss! Miss! do not drink! Wait! pity me! Let me be first! I have suffered for twenty-four hours. In all those hours not a drop has passed my lips." She turned around . . . . what a wonder! a bear! and, moreover, such a lean, famished one! His fur was very shabby, and he held up one of his legs, so that he limped along upon three. His tongue hung, red and swollen, out of his mouth. She felt sorry for him, and thought, "My tongue does not yet hang out of my mouth. I can wait longer." She stepped back, and let him come to the water.

"There now, drink!" said she. The beast ran to the pool and drank it up at once — even lapped the place with his tongue. Mascha was aggrieved that he had left nothing for her.

"See what thou art!" cried she. "Thou hast left nothing

for me! Thou hast drank all, and I too am thirsty! If I had known that thou would'st leave nothing for me, I would have satisfied myself first."

"Never mind," said he, "do not regret it; it may be that I can reward thy kindness."

She only waved her hand, and went away. The beast followed her. She went faster, and the bear behind her went faster too. She began to run; he ran also.

"Wait! wait!" he growled, "I have something to tell thee." "But," she thought, "what can he have to tell me? Perhaps only that after having slaked his thirst, he begins to feel hunger." And she began to run faster still. . . . . She heard the bear panting. "Ah," thought he, "if I were not limping on three legs, I could overtake the girl—she certainly could not escape me." And he fell more and more behind. She thought that the poor fellow was sick, and could not catch her, and her fright grew less, and she began to pity him again. "He will be lost, if he is left so," thought she. She stopped. . . .

"Listen! thou crooked-leg," said she; "if thou art going to eat me up, in gratitude for my having watered thee, then don't lie about it, but say so frankly."

"No," answered the bear, "I tell thee, upon my honor, that I haven't had that in my mind."

"Well then, what dost thou want of me?"

"This," said the bear: "come here and see what it is that ails my leg. The pain will not let me step upon it. If it were not for this, I should have been at home long ago."

Mascha considered a little, and with trembling heart went up to the bear.

"Now show me what hurts thee." The beast groaningly stretched out his leg to her.

"Oh! what a great splinter there is in it! Wait a little; I will pull it out." And she pulled the splinter out with her teeth. The blood spirted from the wound. What was to be done? There was nothing there to bandage it with. Mascha tore a piece from her sleeve, and bound up the leg with it.

"Now," said she, "thou wilt get well. Farewell!"

"No, girl, I cannot part with thee thus. Thou hast watered and healed me. I will also do something for thee. Do not be disgusted, but come home with me as a guest."

"I am afraid," said Mascha. "Perhaps there are many like thee there."

"Nobody is there; I am alone," said the bear.

"But thou hast no water, and I want to drink, for I am thirsting to death."

"Never mind; we will seek, and perhaps we shall find some water." It seemed strange to Mascha that the beast talked with her so humanlike, and invited her as a guest; but yet she did not wish to offend him, and she followed on.

IV.

Thus they went on for some time, until they came out of the desert, when she saw before her a verdant grove, and beyond it a mountain. At the foot of the mountain was a dark cavern; at the entrance of the cavern a little bench; upon the little bench a venerable old man, seated. . . . . She glanced

around; the bear had disappeared. She looked all about, and could find no trace of him.

"Little old man, hast thou not seen the bear here?"

"No, girl, I have not seen him."

"But this is strange! He went straight before me, and now I have lost him from my sight."

"I think thou hast only fancied it."

"How so? He led me here. He invited me as a guest."

"No, girl; no *bear* invited thee as a guest, but *I*; and *I* have brought thee here. *Me* hast thou watered. Out of the ball of *my* foot hast thou drawn the splinter with thy teeth. *My* wound hast thou bandaged. Look here!"

Mascha looked, and saw that the naked foot of the old man was bandaged with the same piece which she had torn from her sleeve. It seemed very strange to her; but the old man, when he perceived her astonishment, said:

"Do not wonder, my pretty one! I will tell thee the whole truth. It happens to me, as a punishment for my sins, that I at times lose the human form. As soon as I begin to hunger or thirst, I immediately turn into a beast; but be thou not afraid of me. Here hast thou water and bread. Sit down now upon the bench and rest thyself; just see! thou art quite tired out."

V.

Mascha drank, sat down, ate and rested. Then the old man addressed her:

"Now tell me, my treasure, who thou art; whence and how thou camest here?"

Then she began and told him all; how the Wind had wooed her—how he had torn her from her father's house—how they had roamed through the world together—had lived without shelter or rest; how she was quite worn out, and how she had begun to speak out to her husband. . . . . She spoke quietly, until the offences were mentioned, then her heart could no longer endure it. She grew angry; the hot tears streamed like fountains from her eyes, and the angry words flowed from her lips without sense, reason, or cessation. The old man was amazed.

"What has come over thee, my treasure?" said he, "calm thyself." But she had already gone so far that she no longer heard him. She trembled, stamped her feet, wrung her hands and tore her hair.

"Ah, thus thou art! Wait a little; I will quiet thee." He drew from his breast a small flask, and sprinkled a little of its contents upon her. She felt as if cold water had been poured upon her, and became instantly quiet. All of her fury had gone. She sighed, passed her hand over her eyes, sat down gently beside the old man, and smiled. . . . .

"What is this?" said she; "what wonderful thing has happened to me?" Her heart grew suddenly as quiet as a new-born child's. But the old man said not a word. He only looked at her and smiled. She waited a little while, and then began to question him again:

"Little old man, with what hast thou sprinkled me?"

"Oh, I have a kind of liquid which is called '*drops of patience!*'"

"But from whence hast thou obtained it?"

"I will tell thee from whence. At the foot of this mountain lies a rock—a very hard rock—so hard that thou can'st not break it with crow-bars; and from the summit of the mountain, out of a spring, water drops upon this rock, gently, day and night, work-days and holidays, without ceasing. Years pass, but it drops and drops, always on the same place; gently, drop! drop! From this operation, for a long, long time, no result appears; but still, sooner or later, it will make an impression, and an effect will be seen; and so this impression will grow deeper and deeper with every year until after a hundred, or, it may be, a thousand years, it will, with patience, conquer the rock and hollow it. . . . . Of this water, of all the little drops, the last one—that which hollows the rock—is called the *'drop of patience'*; and who ever watches for it, and does not permit it to fall to the ground, but catches it, will, through it, attain great power—such power that the mountains will open before him, iron locks spring apart for him, and wild beasts lie like gentle lambs at his feet." Mascha was lost in thought.

"And is the drop big?" asked she.

"No, my dear, it is no larger than all the others; but it is master of them all. From it, all the others derive their power. Thou can'st do as thou likest with it, mix it with whatever thou choosest, but its virtues will never be lost."

"Ah, little old man, what a wonderful little drop is that! and so thou hast mixed it with others?"

"Yes, I have mixed it."

"I will tell thee something! Do me a favor: give me a little out of thy flask!"

"Wherefore dost thou need it?"

"See! when my husband returns to me, and wants to again drag me with him through the world, and when I reproach him for it, and he again becomes angry with me, then I'll show him!" She coaxed the old man.

"Well," said he, "there's nothing to be done! I cannot deny thy request, because I am in thy debt. We will share in halves." And he gave her some "*drops of patience.*"

VI.

After awhile the Wind grew tired of being without his young wife. He returned to the place where he had left her, and, finding her foot-prints, flew like a whirl-wind to catch her. But at this time, Mascha was toiling along not far from her resting-place, thinking, with longing, of her father's house, and how it would be possible to get back there. Suddenly, from afar, there began a rustling and clattering, and immediately there arose a grey column of dust which chased her, overtook her, and, like a strong giant, threw her on the ground.

"Good morning, wife," said he.

"Good morning, my dear husband."

"Well, how hast thou felt here alone, without me?"

"So, so," said she. "God was merciful to me. I have rested a little."

"Thou hast remained here long enough. Prepare thyself to depart!"

"But where to?"

"That is no affair of thine. Wheresoever I blow to, that will also be thy way."

"No, I thank thee, my love," said she; "go alone, if thou can'st not remain in one place. I have grown tired of roaming about the world with thee, and I will go nowhere but to my father's house."

The giant became angry when he heard this answer. "Oh, then!" said he, "hast thou not had enough? I will teach thee!" And he threw himself, like a hawk, upon her. But this time, she was not overpowered. She took the flask quickly from her bosom, and sprinkled some of its contents into his face; and how did it affect him!—how did it make him turn and twist! He fell almost screaming, and writhed and squirmed upon the ground. . . . . Where had the gigantic form and the mighty strength gone? He became very small and thin, and whirled about like a top at her feet. . . . . She caught him with coaxing words, bound his hands and feet with thread, wrapped him in a little scrap of cloth, and placed him in her bosom.

"Now, my friend," said she, "thou hast traveled much. It is long enough. Now thou can'st sit and rest."

Then, from her bosom, in a thin voice, he cried: "Mascha, my love, it is too small for me in here. Unbind me. Let me into open air." And thereupon he fluttered on her heart like a bird. . . . . She sprinkled him once more, and he became quite still. She returned joyfully to the hermit.

"Now, little old man," said she, "great thanks for thy little water; it has done me a great service."

"Well! and what?"

"What!" said she, "my little husband is here in my bosom!" And she showed him the giant as small as a sparrow, wrapped in a little cloth, hands and feet bound with thread, scarcely alive, hardly breathing.

VII.

The Wind sat bound in the bosom of his wife, and had sat there for a long time. One cannot say that she meant never to set him free; she only thought that there was no hurry. "I will let him sit there a while," thought she, "and see what comes of it.". . . . . But what was to come of it, neither she nor any one in the world dreamed—and great misery came of it. In some countries, where the sun shone, there came great drought. There was nobody to drive up the clouds; and there was a dreadful dryness—such a dryness that the foliage of the forests became yellow. The ground cracked open and great fires broke out, and covered the sky with smoke as if with clouds, so that the sun shone upon the earth like a dim spot of blood. In other places, where the rain fell, there was nobody to drive away the clouds; and it poured and poured, until everything was under water. The roads were washed away, and the meadows were like marshes. Little pools grew to great lakes; the quiet brooks poured down like roaring rivers, and the rivers overflowed their banks and covered fields, cities, everything. . . . . Nobody could come or

go. And, throughout the whole world, the wind-mills stood still. The wind did not blow, their wings did not turn, nor their wheels. The mill-stones stopped, and the grain was carried away unground. . . . . And the ships, with their cargoes, stopped and could reach no shore. There was no wind. The sails on the masts moved not. The sea was like a mirror. Already the grass began to grow upon it; and in the grass, flowers bloomed; but the ships remained ever standing still. Provisions gave out; fresh water became scarce; the sailors hung their heads; the captains in despair took to drink. . . . .

And in the harbors they waited and waited. Nothing arrived—nothing departed. The porters had no work; for the merchants had sold all their foreign merchandise; their domestic goods in their warehouses had rotted. The stores were closed—no one made gain. To all, certain destitution threatened.

And all the people flocked to their kings and emperors. Innumerable multitudes assembled before their palaces, and staid there night and day, prostrate on their knees, with their petitions held high above their heads. And all the rulers, in alarm, called together their councils of nobles. In the councils they sat day and night, and could not comprehend it; argued, and could come to no conclusion. The rulers became angry; dissolved their councils of nobles; convened the astronomers and sorcerers, and locked them up in high towers and in subterranean vaults, behind barred windows, and commanded them to divine and read the stars, to ascertain from what the great misfortune had arisen.

So sat the astronomers and sorcerers in the towers and under the ground, day and night, and practiced their witchcraft

and examined the stars, but yet could discover nothing. And the rulers became angry, and ordered the astronomers and sorcerers to be punished with death, because they had boasted of their knowledge, and had taken the people's money, and yet had done nothing in return for it. And then they led a sorcerer to death. Chained, the old man went, accompanied by guards; behind him marched the executioner with the axe. He saw before him a house; and it happened that at the moment he was looking at it, a girl shook a feather-bed out at the window, and from the bed a little feather fell, and dropped gently down. The sorcerer observed that the feather did not turn as it fell, and did not move sideways, but came slowly, straight down. He stopped—it seemed strange to him—and he said aloud, in his mystic language:

"Look! how still the air is! Where has the wind gone to?" And, from the roof, a raven (the bird that bears off the bones) heard it, and screeched out:

"Oh, sorcerer! miserable sorcerer! thou hast lived in the world already a hundred years; hast learned all mysteries of sorcery, but yet thou dost not know where the wind has disappeared to."

The sorcerer understood, whistled, and the wings of the raven flapped, and it plunged from the roof straight to the feet of the old man. The sorcerer placed his foot upon it. . . . . "Tell, immediately, everything which thou knowest! If thou dost not tell, or if thou liest, I will kill thee!" And the raven told everything that it knew.

"The peasant girl, Mascha, has put the wind away in her bosom," it said; "and this, all the birds in the air, and all

the beasts of the forest already know; only you wise people do not know it." The raven told him where Mascha was; and upon this the old sorcerer let it loose, and turned to the guards: "Stay," said he; "lead me immediately to the Emperor. I have learned the cause, and will tell him everything."

So they brought him to the Emperor, who then ordered them to unchain him; permitted him to sit down, and questioned him. And the sorcerer related the truth.

"Thus it is," said he, "the whole evil arises because the Wind does not blow; and the Wind does not blow because Mascha, a peasant's daughter, put him away. And he told the Emperor where Mascha was.

Immediately, the Emperor commanded that an edict should be made, and sent throughout his realm. This edict was that the Wind should be taken from Mascha, and that she herself should be brought in chains before the Emperor. But he ordered that the sorcerer should be confined.

"If thou hast spoken the truth," said he, "I will cover thee with gold; but if thou hast lied, then I will invent such a death for thee, that even my old executioner will shudder."

VIII.

Mascha sat on the little bench at the aged hermit's. The old man had gone away. Suddenly, the messengers of the Emperor appeared before her, and asked:

"Art thou Mascha, the peasant's daughter, the Mistress of the Wind?"

"I am."

"But where," asked they, "hast thou hidden thy husband?"

"How does that concern you?" she demanded.

"This is how!" and they showed to her the edict of the Emperor.

"Well, then! return again to your Emperor, and tell him that the Wind is my husband, and that whatever I do with him concerns me only; and a stranger must not interfere in our family affairs."

The messengers consulted together, and determined to fulfil the imperial edict exactly as it was given — to take her husband away from her by force — to put her in chains, and carry her before the Emperor. There were five in all; and with them, also, were about forty men-at-arms; and they fell upon the girl, and Mascha heard their captain say:

"Hold her hands! I will examine her!" She was frightened, and thought to herself: "This affair is serious. I have too little water to sprinkle them all at once." And so she took her giant from her bosom, unbound his hands and feet, and said:

"Listen thou! See what ruffians have assailed me! They want to put me in chains, and bear me to prison!"

How then did the giant leap from her hands! How then did he stretch himself!

"Aha! you fellows!" cried he, "the thing you want to do is far beyond your strength. I will teach you, presently!" And he whistled — just gave a puff — and away they all flew whirling, and were blown far away, no one knew where.

"Now! my dear wife," said the giant, "now I will settle

my account with thee;" and he threw himself upon her. But she had the water all ready, and sprinkled it in his face. And again he shrunk, and became as small as a little bird; and again began to writhe at her feet. She, laughingly, caught him up, bound his hands and feet, as before, with the same thread, wrapped him in the same cloth, and put him in her bosom again.

IX.

Meanwhile the messenger and the forty men-at-arms, who had been blown into all corners of the earth, related there what had happened to them; and so, in a short time, all the world knew that the Wind was sitting in the bosom of his young wife, and that she had so surrounded him with her witchcraft that no one could, by any means, take him away.

And so, in all the villages and cities, upon all the streets and market places, the people began to assemble, to talk and consult as to how this great misfortune could be remedied. They decided to prostrate themselves before the Mistress of the Wind, and to beseech her not to ruin the human race; and instead of keeping the Wind night and day with her, to let him go free to his work.

They sent deputations from all quarters, provided with costly presents, with gold, with silver, with brocade, with sables and with precious stones—to Mascha, Mistress of the Wind. And from the ends of the world the people of all ranks and positions began to present themselves before her. She received

them all kindly, listened graciously to each, and took their presents.

"Well," said she, "wait a little; I will bethink myself, and then give you my answer."

She was sorry for the poor human race. "So many people," thought she, "suffer such misery! one must help them; and my little husband, too, stays too long in prison. I cannot keep him forever in my bosom; I must finally let him loose."

And so she retired from the people into a forest, and there, without any one seeing her, she took her husband from her bosom.

"Well, my little love, since thou hast been sitting here so long, I think thy hands and thy feet must have become quite stiff. I think thou must have a great desire to be free."

"Ah! I do wish it, Mascha, my love!" he answered; "torture me no longer! Let me loose!"

"But, if thou beginnest to beat me again!"

"I will not; I swear it! I have already felt thy witchcraft twice, and I now know that I cannot get the better of thee. From henceforth I will honor and obey thee in everything."

"Well then," said she, "now listen to what I shall say to thee. Until now, I myself thought that thou wast bad, and that thou wast an audacious fellow; that thou did'st not like work; wast no workman. But now I confess that I have wronged thee; for I see that thou hast a business, and such an one as is necessary to the whole world. But I am sorry that every other workman receives wages, and can live without want, while thou alone laborest for nothing. Thou hast mar-

ried; but thou hast no house in which thou canst live with thy wife; and what have we to feed ourselves with? With what shall we feed our children? And I think this — that thou art a great, strong, daring giant, but a bad husbandman. Let me manage the house, and maybe things will be different."

The Wind listened to this speech of his wife, and replied:

"Thou sayest well, and I see that thou art a clever woman. Manage as thou see'st fit, and everything shall be as thou dost wish. From henceforth, I will be thy faithful servant."

When he had thus spoken, she unbound him and let him loose.

The Wind stood up, stretched himself, grew in hight, shook his shaggy head, and became a mighty giant again.

"Now, my wife, what dost thou command?"

"Nothing at present, my little love; walk about here in the neighborhood, to accustom thy legs — only don't go too far, for I shall call thee soon."

The Wind threw himself into the open field, and began to walk about. There arose a terrible thunder-storm; it upturned everything like a whirlwind; it roared like a wild beast, and rent everything in its path. All the people who had come were frightened nearly to death, and hastened in crowds to Mascha, and found that there, about her, it was so calm that not a leaf moved. Then Mascha approached them:

"Do not fear," said she, "upon your petition I have released my husband, and he is only strolling about a little to stretch himself; but listen to what I am about to say:

My husband, for a long time, has worked for you for nothing, and has asked pay from no one; not because he was your slave, and was forced to labor, but because he was single, and needed nothing, and did as he liked. Now, however, it is otherwise. He has a wife, and has to support her; and now it goes no longer as he wishes, but as *I will;* and it is my will that, from his labor, profit shall come to both of us. It is my will that one workman out of every thousand, of all the population of the world, shall be furnished to us; and that these workmen shall build for us a palace so large that we may invite and entertain therein all the kings and emperors of the earth; and that in this palace there shall be enough of everything — good servants, splendid body-guards, and imperial treasures; and that around this palace, a city shall be built; and in the city there shall be mechanics of all kinds — merchants, manufacturers, and stores filled with foreign goods — and that every ship in the world that enters harbor shall pay to us a rouble; and that there shall be given to us, from every field upon which the grain shall ripen, a sheaf; from every herd a calf or a lamb, and from every drove of horses one colt. . . . . When you, gentlemen, shall agree to this, my husband will work as before; and all the evil and all the loss which has been suffered shall be repaired."

The deputies looked one upon another, and then bowed low.

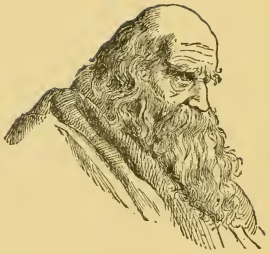
"It is well, mistress. All that your grace has stipulated, shall be done."

X.

Everything was carried out exactly as Mascha had commanded. Around the spot where the old hermit had given her an asylum, a city was built; and in the middle of the city, a splendid palace; and in this palace Mascha and her husband lived like monarchs. They did not sow, they did not reap, they sold not, bought not, and yet had everything in abundance. They had great herds, imperial treasures, and a magnificent body-guard. They invited, as their guests, all the emperors and kings, and all the mighty heroes from the ends of the world, and gave them great feasts. And at these feasts, there often sat at the head of the table, among the emperors and kings and heroes, a common peasant—Mascha's father. And if this peasant, after his old habit, was sometimes a trifle intoxicated, he wept with joy when he looked upon his beautiful daughter and her brave husband; but his young wife, Mascha's step-mother, pined with envy and jealousy.

And so Mascha's husband was more powerful than all the heroes in the world. More than once, war was waged against him by renowned knights, with innumerable forces; but none were able to conquer him. He came upon the field alone, and just swung about and blew, and they were all dispersed. But not because of this alone, dwelt he and his wife in honor and splendor, but much more because he was a zealous and good workman; and, moreover, was not in the least proud. He worked for everyone, without distinction, and to everyone his work was necessary.

TITUS AND THE INSECT



TITUS AND THE INSECT.

[FROM THE HEBREW.]

AFTER TITUS had contemptuously desecrated and destroyed the Temple, he caused the costly vessels to be wrapped in the rent Curtain of the Sanctuary, and borne to his ship, that he might carry them in triumph to Rome.

But when he came upon the open sea, there arose so violent a storm, that the ship was tossed from wave to wave, and threatened each moment to sink.

"Ha!" cried the Roman, "It seems that the God of the Jews knows how to conquer only upon the water. He drowned Pharaoh in the flood of the sea; Sisera was swept away by the river Kischor; and I, also, shall be overwhelmed by the waves. If He is all-powerful, then let Him step on the land, and there make war against me."

"Godless one!" responded a voice from heaven. "Thyself godless, and the son of a godless one! I have in my world a feeble creature called an insect. Step thou on the dry land, and make war with it."

Titus landed; but hardly had he set his foot on the shore when from out of the air there came an insect, which flew

straight into his nostril, and crept up till it reached the brain, where it bored and hummed for seven years.

One day he passed a smith's forge; and as long as the insect could hear the blows upon the anvil, it kept still.

"So there is yet a way to quiet thee!" said Titus; and thereafter he had a smith come daily, and hammer before him. To one, not a Jew, he paid four gold pieces; but to a Jewish smith, he said:

"It is enough of reward for thee to see thy enemy in such a condition."

For thirty days the insect heeded the blows of the hammer; after which it became accustomed to them and was no longer disturbed, but continued to bore and to hum.

Rabbi Pinehas, son of Eruba, says:

"I lived among the great of Rome. When Titus died, his skull was opened, and the insect was found as large as a young dove of two pounds in weight. Its bill was of copper, and its claws of iron."

But Titus, before his death, had commanded that his body should be burned, and his ashes strewn over seven seas; so that the God of the Jews should not find and bring him to judgment.

REINALD, THE WONDER-CHILD

REINALD, THE WONDER-CHILD:

OR,

THE CHRONICLES OF THE THREE SISTERS.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF MUSAEUS.]

FIRST BOOK.

A RICH, RICH COUNT, squandered his fortune and estate. He lived royally, kept always open house; to all who came, whether knight or varlet, he gave for three days long a sumptuous banquet, and all his guests reeled away from him in merry spirits. He loved dicing and gaming. His court swarmed with golden-curled pages, and runners and lackeys in splendid liveries, and his stables fed innumerable horses and hounds.

Through this extravagance his treasures melted away. He mortgaged one city after another, sold his jewels and plate, dismissed his servants and shot his dogs. Nothing was left to him out of all his possessions, save an old forest castle, a virtuous spouse, and three wonderfully beautiful daughters.

In this castle he dwelt, forsaken by all the world. The Countess herself, with her daughters, attended to the kitchen; but as they were unlearned in the art of cooking, they knew only

how to boil potatoes. These frugal meals pleased the father so little that he became morose and ill-humored, and so cursed and stormed through the great empty house that the naked walls resounded with his fury.

One fine summer morning, in a fit of spleen, he seized his hunting-spear and went into the forest to kill some game, that he might provide for himself a savory repast. The story went that this forest was haunted. Many a wanderer had it misled, and from thence many a one — either strangled by some evil gnome, or torn to pieces by wild beasts — had never returned. The Count, believing nothing of this, and having no fear of invisible powers, made his way stoutly over mountains and valleys, and crept through bushes and thickets, but without capturing any game.

Becoming tired, he sat him down beneath a tall oak, and took from his hunting-bag some boiled potatoes and a little salt, of which to make his dinner. By chance he raised his eyes . . . . behold! a fierce wild bear strode toward him. The poor Count trembled at the sight. Fly he could not, and he was not armed for a bear hunt. In his peril he seized his hunting-spear to defend himself as best he could. The monster came close to him, stopped suddenly, and growled out very distinctly these words:

"Robber! plunderest thou my honey tree? This offence shalt thou with thy life atone!"

"Oh!" implored the Count, "oh! devour me not, Sir Bear! I have no desire for your honey. I am an honest knight, If you have hunger, let my homely fare satisfy it, and be my guest."

Thereupon he offered to the bear, in his hunting-hat, all his potatoes. But he scornfully rejected the Count's repast, and growled out angrily:

"Wretched one! thou gainest not thy life at such a price. Promise me thy eldest daughter Wulfild for wife. If not, I will eat thee."

In his fright, the Count would have promised the enamored bear all three of his daughters, and his spouse too, had he asked for them; for necessity knows no law.

"She shall be yours, Sir Bear," said he, beginning to recover himself; but he added craftily, "on condition that, after the custom of the country, you come yourself to ransom the bride, and lead her home."

"Agreed! shake hands!" muttered the bear, reaching him his rough paw. "In seven days I will ransom her with a hundred-weight of gold, and lead home my love."

Whereupon they separated amicably, the bear trotting off toward his den, and the Count making no delay in getting out of the frightful wood.

At starlight, weak and weary, he reached his forest castle.

One knows that a bear that speaks and acts like a rational being, must be an enchanted and not a natural bear. This the Count had noted well, and he thought by stratagem to delude his shaggy son-in-law, and to so guard himself in his strong castle that the bear could not gain entrance, when at the appointed time he came to claim his bride.

"Although an enchanted bear might have the gifts of reason and speech," thought he, "he is nevertheless a bear, and in all other respects has a bear's qualities; therefore he cannot

fly as a bird, enter a locked chamber by the keyhole like a spectre, nor creep through the eye of a needle."

The following day he related to his wife and the young ladies his adventure in the forest. When the Lady Wulfild heard that she was to be wedded to a horrible bear, she fainted with terror. The mother wrung her hands with loud lamentations, and the sisters trembled with grief and fear. But the Count went out to look at the walls and ditches around the castle, and to ascertain if the iron door was firm in lock and bolt. He pulled up the draw-bridge, barred well all entrances, and mounting to the look-out, he found there a little walled-in chamber, high up under the turret. Therein he locked the Lady Wulfild, who tore her silky flaxen hair, and nearly wept out her heavenly blue eyes.

Six days passed and the seventh dawned, when a great noise was heard in the wood, as if the wild huntsmen were approaching. Whips cracked, post-horns sounded, horses tramped, and wheels rattled. A splendid state coach, surrounded by horsemen, rolled over the plain toward the castle gate.

All bolts flew back, the draw-bridge fell, the doors flew open wide, and from the coach stepped a young Prince, as beautiful as the day, clad in velvet and silver brocade, and with a golden chain wound three times around his neck, within the circle of which a man might stand upright. On his hat was a band of pearls and diamonds, which dazzled the eyes, and the clasp which fastened the ostrich feather would have purchased a dukedom.

Swiftly as the storm or whirlwind, he flew up the wind-

ing staircase to the tower, and, in the twinkling of an eye, bore down in his arms the trembling bride. At this noise the Count awoke from his morning slumber, and threw open the window of his chamber. When he saw steeds, and coach, and knights, and varlets in the yard, his daughter in the arms of a strange man, who lifted her into a bridal carriage, and the procession passing out of the castle gate, his heart quailed, and he raised loud lamentations.

"Adieu, my little daughter! Farewell, thou bride of a bear!"

Wulfild heard her father's voice, and made to him a sign of farewell, by waving her handkerchief from the carriage.

The parents were stunned at the loss of their child, and, mute and astonished, they gazed upon each other. The mother, distrusting her eyes, believed the elopement to be a delusion, and, seizing a bunch of keys, she ran to the tower and opened the closet. She found no daughter, and none of her apparel; but on the table she perceived a silver key, which she took. Chancing to look through the loop-hole, she saw rising toward the sun, in the distance, a cloud of dust; and heard the noise and shouts of the bridal procession till it reached the entrance of the wood. Sadly she descended, put on mourning, strewed her head with ashes, and for three long days wept — her husband and daughters lamenting with her.

On the fourth day, the Count left the house of mourning, that he might take the fresh air. As he crossed the court-yard, he saw standing there a massive chest of ebony, well secured and difficult to lift. He readily divined its contents.

The Countess gave him the silver key, and opening the chest, he found therein a hundred-weight of gold, in shining doubloons, all of the same coinage. Rejoiced at this discovery, he forgot his heart-sorrow, bought horses and falcons, handsome dresses for his wife and the sweet damsels, engaged servants, and began anew to revel and squander till the last doubloon flew from the chest. Then he contracted debts; and creditors, coming in crowds, stripped the castle clean, and left to him nothing but an old falcon.

Again the Countess and her daughters betook themselves to the cooking, and the Count roved all day, in anger and vexation, through the fields with his bird.

One day he let the falcon rise. It soared high into the air, and, although he lured it, it would not return to its master's hand. The Count followed its flight across the plains, as well as he could, until it hovered over the terrible forest which he dared not enter again, preferring rather to give up his precious hunting bird. Suddenly an immense eagle rose from the wood and pursued the falcon, which no sooner perceived this powerful enemy, than it returned as swiftly as an arrow to seek protection near its master. But the eagle swooped down in the air, and, with one of his mighty talons, struck the shoulder of the Count, while, with the other, he crushed the faithful falcon. The terrified Count attempted to free himself from the feathered monster, and thrust at him with his lance; but the eagle seized the hunting-spear, broke it like a reed, and screamed loudly into his ears these words:

"Bold one! why dost thou disturb my airy realm with thy hunting bird? For this crime thou shalt with thy life atone."

The Count realized, as soon as he heard the bird speak, what kind of an adventure he was to expect, and taking courage, replied: "Gently! Sir Eagle, gently! What have I done to you? My falcon has atoned for its offence, and I leave it to you to appease your appetite."

"No!" answered the Eagle, "I long to-day for human flesh, and thou seemest to me a fat morsel."

"Pardon, Sir Eagle," cried the Count in deadly anguish. "Demand whatever you wish of me, and I will give it you; but spare my life."

"Very good," replied the murderous bird, "I take thee at thy word. Thou hast two beautiful daughters, and I want a spouse. Grant me thy Adelheid as wife, and I will let thee depart in peace, and will ransom her from thee with two eggs of gold, each a hundred pounds in weight. In seven weeks, I will lead home my love."

Hereupon the monster soared upward, and disappeared in the clouds.

To necessity everything yields. When the Count saw how well this traffic with his daughters resulted, he consoled himself for their loss, and was quite content. This time he returned home in excellent spirits, and carefully concealed his adventure. This he did in part to escape the reproaches which he feared from the Countess, and partly because he did not wish his dear daughter's heart to grow heavy before the time. He lamented, for appearance' sake only, the loss of his falcon, which he pretended had flown away from him.

Lady Adelheid was a spinner, unrivaled in the land. She

was also a skillful weaver, and had just cut from her loom a choice piece of linen, as fine as cambric, which she bleached on a grass-plot not far from the castle.

Six weeks and six days passed, and the beautiful spinner was still unconscious of her fate, though her father gave her many a hint concerning it. As the time of trouble approached, he grew melancholy, and now, would relate to her a strange dream, and again, would bring to her recollection Wulfild, who had long since been forgotten. Adelheid was of an easy, merry disposition, and attributed her father's despondency to hypochondriacal fancies.

At dawn, upon the appointed day, she skipped carelessly to the bleach meadow and spread out her linen, that it might be wetted by the morning's dew. While looking about a little, after attending to her bleaching, she espied a grand train of knights and attendants drawing near. Not having made her toilette, she hid quickly behind a full blown rose-bush, and peeped out to look at the splendid cavalcade. The handsomest knight of them all — a graceful young man with open helmet — galloped to the bush, and in a gentle tone addressed her:

"I see thee, I seek thee, dear love. Oh, do not hide thyself! Quickly get thee up behind me on this steed, thou beautiful Eagle's bride!"

Adelheid knew not what to think, when she heard these words. The handsome knight pleased her not a little; but the appellation "Eagle's bride" chilled the blood in her veins. She sank into the grass, and her senses left her. When she revived, she found herself in the arms of the gallant young knight, and on the way to the forest.

The mother, meanwhile, had prepared breakfast, and, as Adelheid was missing, she sent her youngest daughter to find her. She went, and did not return. The mother, foreboding nothing good, and wishing to know why her daughters tarried so long, also went, and did not come back again. The father's heart beat loudly in his breast when he marked what was passing, and he too stole to the meadow where the mother and daughter were seeking Adelheid, and anxiously calling her name. Although he knew all calling and seeking to be in vain, he also let his voice be loudly heard. His way led him past the rose-bush. There he saw something glistening, and, as he looked closer, he discovered two golden eggs, each a hundredweight.

Now he could no longer refrain from revealing to his spouse what had become of their daughter.

"Infamous soul-vender!" she cried. "O father! O murderer! Dost thou thus sacrifice for shameful gain thine own flesh and blood?"

The Count, not usually talkative, now made most profuse apologies; urging as his excuse the danger in which his life had been placed. But the disconsolate mother did not cease to reproach him bitterly, and he chose that sovereign means of bringing all disputes to an end—he kept silent, and let his wife talk as long as she pleased. Meanwhile he brought safely the golden eggs, rolling them easily before him. Then, for the sake of propriety, he put on family mourning for three days; but he thought, in the meantime, of nothing but beginning anew his former life.

In a short time, the castle was again the dwelling-place

of joy, and the elysium of gluttonous revelers. Balls, tournaments and splendid festivals followed each other daily. Lady Bertha shone in the eyes of the noble courtiers like the silver moon to the romantic traveler on a clear summer night. She distributed the prizes at the knightly games, and led the dance in the evening with the victorious knight.

The hospitality of the father and the beauty of the daughter attracted thither the most noble knights from the farthest part of the land, and many sued for the heart of the rich heiress; but from such a number of suitors a choice was difficult, for each excelled the other in mind and form.

The charming Bertha hesitated so long in making her selection, that the golden eggs — on which the Count did not spare the file — were reduced to the size of hazel-nuts. The countly finances came again into their former state; the tournaments ceased; knights and varlets disappeared; the castle became again a hermitage; and the countly family once more returned to its frugal meals of boiled potatoes. The Count roamed disconsolately through the fields, wishing for a new adventure, but meeting with none, for the reason that he shunned the enchanted forest. One day, while pursuing a covey of partridges, he came near to the terrible wood; and although he did not venture into it, he remained awhile on its borders. Here he perceived an immense fish-pond, which he had never before seen, and in the clear silver waters of which, he saw swimming innumerable trout. This discovery caused him to rejoice greatly. The pond had a harmless appearance; therefore he made haste home and netted him a net, with which, ready to throw, he stood on its shore early the following morning.

Fortunately, he found in the rushes a small boat with oars, and into this he jumped, and paddled about merrily. He cast his net, and drew out at one haul more fish than he could carry; and, content with his booty, he rowed toward the bank.

About a stone's-throw from the shore, the boat stopped in its full run, and stood immovable, as if it had grounded. The Count, believing this to be so, worked with all his might, but in vain, to set it afloat again. The water withdrew from about it, and the vessel seemed to rise up high above the surface, and to hang there, as if on a cliff.

The inexperienced fisherman grew uncomfortable. Although the boat stood as if nailed to the spot, the shores appeared to recede, and the waters expanded into a great lake. The waves swelled and the billows roared and foamed, and he saw, with terror, that an enormous fish was bearing him and his boat upon its back. He resigned himself to his fate, awaiting anxiously the issue.

Suddenly the fish dived, and the boat floated again. In the twinkling of an eye, the sea-monster rose out of the water, opened wide its awful jaws, like the gates of hell, and from this dark abyss there sounded, as if from a subterranean cavern, quite distinctly, these words:

"Dold fisher! what doest thou here? Thou killest my subjects; and for this crime shalt thou with thy life atone."

The Count had so well learned the routine of these adventures, that he knew how to act in such an emergency. He recovered from his first consternation as soon as he found that the fish spoke intelligently, and said quite boldly:

"Sir Behemoth, do not violate the law of hospitality. Grudge me not a dish of fish from out your pond. If you visited me, both larder and cellar would stand open to you."

"Such good friends are not we," replied the monster. "Knowest thou not the rights of the stronger, and that it devours the weaker? Thou hast stolen my subjects to swallow them, and I will swallow thee."

At this the awful fish opened its jaws still wider, as if ready to swallow man, boat and all.

"Oh spare, spare my life!" cried the Count. "You see I am but a poor breakfast for your whale stomach."

The great fish seemed to consider, and then spoke.

"Well," said he, "I know that thou hast a beautiful daughter. Promise her to me for wife, and take thy life as the price."

When the Count heard the fish talk in this tone, all fright left him.

"She is at your command," said he. "You are a brave son-in-law to whom no worthy father would deny his child. But with what will you ransom the bride, after the manner of the country?"

"I have," answered the fish, "neither gold nor silver; but at the bottom of this lake lies a great treasure in pearl shells. Thou hast but to demand."

"Now," said the Count, "three bushels of round pearls are not too many for a beautiful wife."

"They are thine, and she is my bride," decided the fish. "In seven months I lead home my love."

Thereupon he lashed the water joyously with his tail, and soon drove the boat to the shore.

The Count carried home his trout, and had them boiled; and he and the Countess and the lovely Bertha partook of the monkish meal with much relish — the latter not realizing that it would cost her so dearly.

The silver moon changed six times, and the Count had almost forgotten his adventure; but when it began to round for the seventh, he bethought him of the expected catastrophe; and preferring not to be an eye-witness to it, he stole away and made a short journey into the country.

In the sultry noon hour of the day of the full moon, a stately troop of horsemen galloped toward the castle. The Countess, dismayed at the sight of so many strange visitors, knew not whether to open the gate; but as a well-known knight announced himself, she admitted them. This knight had frequently, in the time of their prosperity and plenty, at the tournaments in the castle, tilted both in sport and in earnest, and had received many a prize from the hands of the lovely Bertha, and with her often led the dance; but, since the change in the Count's circumstances, he had disappeared with the other knights.

The good Countess was ashamed of her great poverty, and that she had nothing to offer the noble knight and his retinue; but he stepped pleasantly toward her and asked only for a draught of cold water from the cool well, as he had been formerly accustomed to do; for he never used to drink wine, and had in consequence always been jestingly called "The Water Knight."

The beautiful Bertha hastened, at her mother's bidding, to the well, filled a jug, and presented to the knight a crystal

cup. He took it from the dainty hand, raised it to his mouth, and placing his lips where hers had touched it, rapturously drank her health.

The Countess was greatly mortified at not being able to offer her guest some refreshment, but remembering that a juicy water-melon had just ripened in the castle garden, made haste to go out and gather it. She put it upon an earthern dish and garnished it with fresh grape-leaves and the sweetest fragrant flowers; but when she stepped from the garden the castle yard was empty and deserted. She saw neither horses nor horsemen, and within doors was neither knight nor varlet. She called her daughter Bertha, and sought for her throughout the whole house, but found her not.

But in the hall there were three bags of new linen that she had not noticed in her first confusion, which felt as if they were filled with peas. Her trouble did not permit her to examine them more closely. She gave herself up to her sorrow entirely, and wept aloud until evening, when her husband returned and found her in the greatest distress.

She could not hide from him the events of the day, although she would willingly have done so, for she feared severe reproaches from him for having suffered a strange knight, who had eloped with their beloved daughter, to enter the castle. But the Count tenderly comforted her, and only inquiring for the pea bags of which she had told him, went out to look at them, and opened one in her presence.

How great was the astonishment of the afflicted Countess, when nothing but pearls as large as the largest garden peas, perfectly rounded, delicately pierced, and of the purest lustre,

rolled out of the bag! She saw that the abductor of her daughter had indeed paid for every motherly tear with a pearl, and she formed a good opinion of his wealth and rank, and consoled herself with the reflection that *this* son-in-law was no monster, but a princely knight — which impression the Count did not remove.

Although the parents had now lost all their beautiful daughters, they still possessed an immeasurable treasure. The Count soon changed part of it into money. From morning until evening there was a throng of merchants and Jews in the castle, bargaining for the precious pearls.

The Count redeemed all of his cities, rented his forest castle to one of his vassals, re-entered his former residence, established again his courtly state, and lived no more like a spendthrift, but like a good host; for he had no more daughters to sell.

The noble couple dwelt in great comfort, save that the Countess could not console herself for the loss of their daughters. She wore mourning constantly, and was never cheerful. For a time she hoped to see again her Bertha, with the rich knight of the jewels; and whenever a stranger was presented at court she always fancied him to be the returning son-in-law.

Finally, the Count could no longer sustain her with vain hopes, and disclosed to her that this lovely son-in-law was a horrible fish.

"Alas!" mourned the Countess, "have I then borne children only for them to become the prey of dreadful monsters? What is earthly happiness; what are all treasures, to a mother bereft of her children?"

The Count endeavored to comfort her, but the Countess so took to heart her lonely condition in her old age, that she grew sadder and sadder, till she settled into a melancholy so deep that Death, had he called upon her, would have been a welcome guest.

SECOND BOOK.

All the ladies and maids at the court shared the sorrows of their good lady, grieved and wept with her, and sought at times to cheer her with harp and song; but her heart was no longer susceptible of happiness. Each suggested some means for banishing the spirit of melancholy, but nothing succeeded in dispelling the gloom of the Countess.

The maiden whose duty it was to reach to her the hand-water, was the wisest and most modest of all her attendants, and was much liked by her mistress. She had a tender heart, and the sorrow of her lady brought many a tear into her eyes. Fearful of seeming presumptuous, she had always kept silence; but at last she could no longer resist the promptings of her heart to also give her good counsel.

"Noble lady," said she, "if you will listen to me, I will disclose to you a sure means by which the wounds of your heart may be healed."

"'Speak!" responded the Countess.

"'Not far from your abode," said the maiden, "in an awful grotto, there dwells a pious hermit, to whom many pilgrims have recourse in their various needs. Why should not you ask of this holy man consolation and help? His prayers would at least restore peace to your heart."

The Countess was pleased with this proposal, and attiring herself in pilgrim garb, she made a pilgrimage to the

pious hermit, and preferred to him her petition. She presented to him a rosary of round pearls, and begged and obtained his blessing, which was so efficacious, that, ere a twelvemonth had passed, the Countess was rid of all sorrow, and gave birth to a son.

Great was the joy of the parents over this sweet lateling. The whole county was transformed into a scene of pleasure, and there were festivals and jubilees at the birth of the young heir. The father named him *Reinald, the Wonder-child.* The boy was as beautiful as Cupid himself. His education was conducted with as much care as if the dawn of the Philanthropic method had already broken.

He grew lustily, was the joy of his father and the consolation of his mother, who guarded him as the apple of her eye. But although he was the darling of her heart, the remembrance of her three daughters did not die out of her memory. Often, when she clasped the little laughing Reinald in her arms, her tears dropped on his cheeks, and as the dear boy grew older he often asked sadly, "Dear mother, why weepest thou?"

But the Countess purposely concealed from him her secret sorrow; for no one but her husband knew whither the three young Countesses had disappeared. Some imaginative ones believed them to have been carried off by knights errant, which in those times was not uncommon; others asserted that they were hidden in a cloister; and others thought that they had seen them in the retinue of the Queen of Burgundy, or of the Countess of Flanders.

Reinald, however, by a thousand coaxeries, wiled the se-

cret from his yielding mother. She related to him the adventures of his three sisters, with every circumstance, and he lost from his heart not a word of the wonderful stories. He had no other wish but to become a man, able to bear arms, and to go forth for adventures, to seek his sisters in the enchanted wood, and to dispel the charm that held them.

As soon as he had been made a knight, he besought of his father leave of absence, to make, as he pretended, an expedition into Flanders. The Count, rejoiced at the knightly spirit of his son, gave him horses and weapons, provided him with esquires and pages, and dismissed him with his blessing. The anxious mother, however, very reluctantly consented to the parting.

No sooner had the young knight his native town behind him, than he left the highway, and with romantic daring trotted away to the forest castle. Here he asked hospitality of the tenant, who received him respectfully and entertained him well.

In the early morning, while all in the castle still lay in sweet slumber, he saddled his horse, and, leaving his retinue behind him, rode, full of courage and youthful ardor, swiftly into the enchanted forest.

The deeper he penetrated, the thicker became the bushes. The rugged rocks re-echoed his horse's tread. All about him it was lonely and desolate, and the trees, thickly interlocking, seemed compassionately to bar all further entrance to the young adventurer. He alighted from his horse, and left it to graze. He hewed a path through the bushes with his sword, climbed up steep cliffs, slid down into abysses, and, after great

trouble, reached a winding vale through which a clear brook meandered. He followed its course.

In the distance a rocky grotto opened its subterranean cavern, before which something like a human figure moved. The bold youth hastened his steps, made his way between the trees until he came opposite to the grotto, when, looking through the tall oaks, he saw, sitting upon the grass, a youthful lady. In her lap she held a little ill-shapen bear, while a larger one played about her, now standing up on two legs, now turning a somersault—which sport seemed to please the lady greatly.

Reinald, from the description given him by his mother, recognized his sister Wulfild, and came hastily forth from his ambush, that he might make himself known; but as soon as she beheld him, she uttered a loud scream, threw the little bear into the grass, sprang toward the comer, and exclaimed in a sad voice and with an anxious manner, "O youth! what unlucky star leads thee into this forest? Here dwells a wild bear which devours all human kind who approach his dwelling. Fly, and save thyself!"

He bowed politely to the beauteous lady, and replied: "Fear not, sweet mistress. I know this wood and its adventures well, and have come to dispel the charm that imprisons thee here."

"Fool!" cried she, "who art thou, that thou darest attempt to dispel this powerful charm? and how art thou able to do it?"

"With this arm, and by this sword! I am Reinald, called the Wonder-child, the son of the Count whom this enchanted

forest has robbed of three beautiful daughters. Art thou not Wulfild, his first-born?"

At this speech the lady was still more terrified, and gazed at the youth in mute astonishment. He made use of the pause to prove to her his identity, by relating so much family intelligence that she could no longer doubt him to be Reinald her brother. She embraced him tenderly, but her knees shook with fright at the evident danger in which his life hung. She then led her beloved guest into the cavern, to find a corner in which she might conceal him. In the gloomy, spacious vault, lay a pile of moss which served as a couch for the bear and his young ones. Opposite, stood a splendid bed, hung with purple damask and trimmed with fringes of gold, for the lady. Reinald had to submit to hastily seeking a place under this bed, and there await his fate. He was forbidden to make any noise or sound, on pain of his life. Especially the anxious sister enjoined upon him neither to cough nor sneeze.

Hardly had the young adventurer reached this place of refuge when the terrible bear entered the den, growling and sniffing about with his bloody nose. He had discovered the splendid charger of the knight in the wood, and had devoured it. Wulfild sat on her throne-bed as if upon coals. Her heart was oppressed and anxious, for she soon perceived that Sir Husband was in his brutish mood, having probably detected the presence of a strange guest in the den. She therefore caressed him tenderly, stroked his back softly with her velvety hand, and rubbed his ears; but the ill-humored beast cared little for her caresses.

"I scent human flesh!" muttered the animal in his great throat.

"Bear of my heart!" said the lady, "thou art mistaken. How could a man get into this sad wilderness?"

"I scent human flesh!" repeated he, rummaging around the silken bed of his spouse.

At this the knight did not feel quite at his ease; the cold perspiration stood on his forehead, in spite of his courage. Meanwhile the lady, in the great emergency, grew bold and resolute.

"Friend Bear," said she, "thou goest too far. Away from my couch, or dread my anger!"

The bear, caring little for this threat, did not cease to rage around the curtains of the bed; but, bear though he was, he was nevertheless under his lady's slipper. The moment he again prepared to force his great head under the bed, Wulfild took heart, and gave him such a vigorous kick in the loins, that he crept humbly to his straw, laid down and began to lick his young ones, and, grumbling, to suck his own paws. Soon he slept and snored "like a bear." Thereupon the loving sister refreshed her brother with a glass of Canary wine and some biscuit, and bade him be of good cheer, for now the danger was nearly over.

Reinald was so fatigued by his adventure, that he soon fell asleep, and snored a match with the bear. When he awoke, he found himself in a splendid state bed, in a room hung with silken tapestries. The morning sun looked cheerfully in between the opened curtains. Near the bed, on a velvet seat, lay his clothing and knightly armor, and a little silver bell, with which to summon an attendant, stood near.

He could not understand how he had been brought from

the awful den to this splendid palace, and was doubtful whether he was now dreaming or had dreamed the foregoing adventure in the forest. To free himself of this uncertainty, he rang the bell. It was answered by a neatly attired varlet, who asked his commands and announced that his sister Wulfild and her husband Albrecht, the bear, awaited him with longing.

The young Count could not recover from his astonishment, and, although at the mention of the bear the cold perspiration stood on his forehead, yet he dressed quickly and entered the antechamber, where he found waiting-pages, runners, and lackies, with which retinue he passed through a succession of stately apartments to the audience room, where his sister, with the air of a princess, received him. Near her she had two charming children — a prince of seven years, and a delicate maiden still in leading-strings.

A moment later, Albrecht, the bear, who had now lost the terrible exterior and all the qualities of a bear, and appeared as a most amiable prince, entered. Wulfild presented her brother to him, and Albrecht embraced him with all the warmth of friendship and brotherly affection.

The Prince, with all his court, was for days held in enchantment by an inimical spell; that is to say, he enjoyed freedom from enchantment upon every seventh day, from one morning's dawn to another; but as soon as the silver stars paled in the sky, the iron spell fell again with the morning's dew upon the land. The castle changed into a steep, insurmountable rock; the charming park around it into a dreary desert; the fountains and cascades into stagnant

pools; the lord of the castle into a shaggy bear; the knights and varlets into badgers and martins; the court ladies and waiting maids into owls and bats, that hooted and wailed, day and night.

It was upon one of the days of disenchantment that Albrecht led home his bride. The beautiful Wulfild, who for six days had wept that she was to wed a shaggy bear, lost her melancholy when she found herself in the arms of a young, well made knight, who embraced her so lovingly, and conducted her into a lordly palace, where a luxurious wedding feast awaited her. She was welcomed with songs and guitars, by myrtle-wreathed maidens; her rustic dress was removed, and she was adorned with regal bridal ornaments.

Although she was not vain, still she could not help feeling a secret delight at her beauty, as the crystal mirrors on the walls told a thousand flattering things to her. A generous banquet followed the wedding ceremony, and a brilliant state ball closed the festivities of the festal day.

The charming bride breathed in bliss as the sensations of love which—as it used to be in the pure olden time—rose in her virgin heart for the first time upon her wedding day, and the disgusting bear-image vanished from her fancy.

At the hour of midnight she was led by her spouse, with stately ceremony, into the bridal chamber, where all the pictured cupids on the ceiling seemed, alive with joy, to flutter their golden wings, as the loving couple entered.

The sweetest morning dream had just vanished when the newly married one awoke, and was about to awaken

her spouse from his slumber also, with a loving kiss. How great was her astonishment when she found him not at her side, and, raising the silken curtain, saw herself transferred to a gloomy vault, where the broken daylight, shining through the entrance, only made it light enough for her to perceive a frightful bear looking dejectedly at her from a corner.

She sunk back upon her couch benumbed with fright. After a long time she came to herself again, and gained strength enough to begin a loud lamentation, to which the screeching voices of a hundred owls, outside the door, answered. The susceptible bear could not endure the sight of such a painful scene. He was obliged to go out into the open air, to give vent to his grief and despair at his hard fate. Clumsily he raised himself from his bed and trotted, growling, into the forest, from which he did not return until a little time before his transformation upon the seventh day.

The six sad days were as years to the desolate lady. Amid the bridal rejoicings it had been omitted to provide any provisions or refreshments for the bedside of the bride; for over all lifeless things which pertained only to the beautiful Wulfild, the spell had no power; but her husband, even in her embrace, at the hour of metamorphosis, would have become a bear. In the anguish of her heart, the wretched one languished for two days without thinking of nourishment; but at length nature, with great vehemence, demanded the means of support, and created a fierce hunger that drove her out of the den to seek for food. She dipped up, with her hand, water from the brook that flowed by, and therewith

refreshed her hot, dry lips; gathered some wild berries, and, in her bewilderment, swallowed a handful of acorns which she eagerly picked up, and an apron full of which she carried back into the den with her, mechanically; for she cared little for life. She wished for nothing better than death. With such wish she fell asleep on the evening of the sixth day.

In the early morning she woke in the same chamber she had entered as a bride, and found every thing in the same condition in which she had left it, and, at her side, the handsomest and tenderest husband, who in the most affecting manner expressed to her his pity at the sad condition into which his irresistible love for her had brought her, and with tears in his eyes besought her pardon.

He explained to her the conditions of the enchantment; that every seventh day dispelled it, and restored all things to their natural forms.

Wulfild was touched by the tenderness of her spouse. She came to the conclusion that a marriage was well enough wherein the seventh day was *always* a glad one, and that only the happiest of wedded lives could boast of such a peculiarity. She resigned herself to her fortune, rewarded love with love, and made her Albrecht the happiest bear under the sun.

In order to avoid the necessity of fasting in the forest den, she put on a pair of wide pockets every time when she went to dinner. These she filled with confections, sweet oranges, and other delicious fruits. She also carefully hid in her bedstead the usual night drink of her lord, which was placed in their bedchamber; and thus her larder and cellar were always well filled before the time of the metamorphosis.

One and twenty years she had already dwelt in the enchanted forest, and this long period had not deprived her of a single one of her youthful charms; and, moreover, the mutual love of the noble pair was still the emotion of their first powerful passion. Mother Nature, in spite of all apparent interruptions, still asserted her rights, watched with great kindness and solicitude over them in the magic world, and warded off the progress and wearing changes of time during the periods when the things of this world were taken from her sway by the adverse influences of magic.

The beautiful Wulfild, according to the computations of good mother Nature had, in these one and twenty years, lived but three years, and found herself still in the full bloom of womanhood; and even so was the condition of her husband.

All this the noble pair disclosed to the amiable young knight during a stroll in the park, under an arbor over which the wild jasmine, entwined with the climbing honeysuckle, grew.

What with the varied splendors of the court pageantry, and the mutual friendly intercourse, the happy day passed away only too quickly. They dined; then came sports and games. A party of the courtiers rambled with the ladies in the park, love-making and jesting, until the trumpet sounded for the evening repast, when, in a mirrored gallery, lighted with innumerable wax tapers, they supped. They ate and drank and were merry until the midnight hour. Wulfild, according to her custom, filled her pockets, and counselled her brother not to forget to fill his own.

When the table was cleared, Albrecht seemed to become uneasy. He whispered something in the ear of his spouse. Thereupon, she took her brother aside, and sadly spoke thus:

"Dear brother, we must part. The time of the metamorphosis, when all the joys of this palace disappear, is not far off. Albrecht is anxious for thee. He fears for thy life. He would be unable to resist the animal instinct to devour thee, if thou shouldst await here the approaching catastrophe. Leave this unhappy forest, and never return to us again."

"Ah!" replied Reinald, "happen to me whatever fate has decreed, I cannot part from thee, beloved ones! To seek thee, my sister, was my undertaking; and now that I have found thee, I will not leave this forest without thee. Tell me, how can I dispel this powerful charm?"

"Alas!" replied she, "no mortal can dispel it." Here Albrecht joined in the conversation; and when he had heard the bold determination of the young knight, he, with gentle but powerful words, so dissuaded him from his purpose, that he was fain to yield to the entreaties of his brother-in-law and the tears of his tender sister, and take his leave.

Signor Albrecht embraced the brave youth in a brotherly manner, and after Reinald had embraced his sister and was about to depart, drew out a pocket-book, and took from thence three bear hairs, placed them in a paper, and gave them to the knight, as if in sport, as a reminder of the adventures in the forest.

"Nevertheless," said he, earnestly, "despise not these trifles. Should you at any time need succor in danger, rub these three hairs between your hands, and await the result."

In the castle yard stood a splendid chariot, with six black steeds, and beside it many horsemen and servants.

"Adieu, my brother," said Albrecht, the bear.

"Adieu, my brother," responded Reinald, the Wonder-child; and the carriage thundered over the draw-bridge and away.

The golden stars sparkled still brightly in the dimly-lighted heavens. The train went on over stock and stone, up hill and down dale, through wastes and woods, over deserts and fields, without rest, without halt, at full speed.

After a good hour, the sky began to grey, the torches went out, and suddenly Reinald found himself set roughly on the ground. He knew not what had happened. The chariot with its steeds had disappeared; but he saw, by the faint light of the dawn, six black ants gallop from between his feet, drawing a nut shell. The brave knight readily comprehended this adventure. He carefully avoided accidental crushing of the ants, and waited quietly for sunrise, and, as he was still within the borders of the forest, he determined to seek his two younger sisters also; and, even though he might not succeed in disenchanting them, to at least pay them a visit.

For three days he wandered vainly about, without meeting with an adventure. He had just eaten the last morsels of the white bread from the table of brother-in-law Albrecht, the bear, when he heard a rushing noise of something high above him in the air, like the sound of a ship in full sail cutting the waves. He looked upward, and saw a mighty eagle, which alighted upon a nest which it had in a tree.

Reinald was greatly rejoiced at this discovery. He hid

in the underbrush of the forest, and watched for the eagle to fly up again. After seven hours, it arose from the nest, and the waiting youth stepped forth and cried out with a loud voice:

"Adelheid, beloved sister! if thou dwellest in this high oak, answer to my voice! I am Reinald, called the Wonder-child, thy brother, who seeks thee, and strives to break the bands of the powerful enchantment which binds thee."

As soon as he had ceased to speak, a gentle female voice answered from above, as if from the clouds:

"If thou art Reinald, the Wonder-child, then be welcome to thy sister Adelheid. Delay not to climb hither, to embrace the desolate one."

Delighted at this glad summons, the knight joyfully essayed to climb the high tree, but in vain. Three times he ran around the trunk; but it was too large to be clasped, and the nearest branches were much too high to be reached. While he was pondering how to attain his object, a silken rope-ladder dropped down to him, by the help of which he soon reached the top of the tree, and the eagle's nest. It was as spacious and as firmly built as a balcony in a linden. He found his sister sitting beneath a canopy, covered on the outside with oiled cloth, to protect it from the weather, and lined on the inside with rose-colored satin. In her lap lay an eagle's egg.

The meeting, upon both sides, was very tender. Adelheid had all the news of her father's house, and knew that Reinald was her late-born brother.

Edgar, the eagle, her husband, was for weeks transformed.

After every seven weeks, he was for one week free from the spell; at which times he had, for love of his wife, often visited, incognito, the court of his father-in-law, and, from time to time, reported to her how it fared in her father's house.

Adelheid requested her brother to wait near her for the next transformation; and, although this was not to be expected for six weeks, he consented. She hid him in a hollow tree, and provided him daily with food from the repository under her couch, which was abundantly supplied with ship's provisions—that is, such provisions as would keep good for six weeks.

She dismissed him with the earnest caution: "If thou lovest thy life, beware of Edgar's eagle glance. If he sees thee in his circuit, he will tear out thine eyes and devour thy heart, as he did, but yesterday, those of three of thy followers who sought thee here in the forest."

Reinald shuddered at the fate of his retainers, promised to be cautious, and, for six weary weeks, waited in the hollow tree; enjoying, however, the pleasure of his sister's company whenever the eagle flew away from his nest. But, for this trial of his patience, he was afterwards amply rewarded by seven joyful days.

His reception by his Eagle brother-in-law was not less amicable than that of his brother-in-law Bear. The castle, court, everything, was here as there. Each day was a festival, and the time of the fatal transformation came only too quickly.

On the evening of the seventh day, Edgar dismissed his

guest with the tenderest embraces, but he warned him never to come within his reach again.

"Shall I," asked Reinald, sadly, "separate forever from you, my beloved ones? Is it not possible to break the unhappy charm which keeps you imprisoned here? If I had a hundred lives to lose, I would risk them all to free you." Edgar pressed his hand warmly.

"Thanks, noble youth," said he, "for your love and friendly purpose; but abandon this bold undertaking. It *is* possible to break our enchantment; but you must not, shall not, attempt it. Whoever undertakes it, and does not succeed, loses his life; and you shall not become a sacrifice for us."

Reinald's heroic spirit was stimulated only the more to dare the adventure, by this speech. His eyes sparkled with eagerness, and the hope of accomplishing his purpose reddened his cheek. He pressed his brother-in-law to confide to him the secret of how the enchantment of the forest was to be dispelled; but Edgar was unwilling to reveal it, through fear of exposing the life of the bold youth to danger.

"All that I can tell you, dear comrade," said he, "is, that, if you are to succeed in releasing us, you must find the *key* of the enchantment. If fate has appointed you our deliverer, the stars will show the path, and the means by which you must seek it; if not, then all your own endeavor is folly."

Thereupon he drew forth his pocket-book, and took from thence three eagle feathers, which he gave to the knight as a reminder that, if ever he needed help, he should rub these between his hands, and await the result. Thereupon they separated in an affectionate manner.

Edgar's master of ceremonies, with all his retinue, accompanied the beloved guest through a long avenue, bordered with pines and yew trees, to the boundary of his dominions, and, when he had passed beyond it, they closed the gate and returned with haste, for the time of the transformation was near at hand.

Reinald seated himself under a linden tree, to witness the wonderful occurrence. The full moon shone clear and bright. He still saw the castle very distinctly in the distance, towering above the tops of the high trees, but, at daybreak, a thick mist surrounded him, and, when the rising sun had dispelled it, castle and park and gate had disappeared, and he found himself in a dreary desert, upon the top of a wall of rock, on the brink of an immeasurable abyss.

The young adventurer, looking about to find a way down into the valley, perceived, in the distance, a lake, whose mirror-like surface shone like silver in the sunlight. With great difficulty he made his way, all day long, through the dense forest. His whole aim and endeavour was to reach the lake where he imagined his third sister, Bertha, to be; but the further he penetrated the wild wood, the more impenetrable it grew. He lost sight of the lake, and also all hope of seeing it again; but, as the sun went down, he caught a glimpse once more of the sheet of water glistening through the trees as the forest grew thinner; yet he reached its shore only with the night-fall.

Wearied, he made his bed under a tree in the plain, and did not wake until the sun shone high in the heavens. He found himself refreshed by sleep, and his limbs strong and vigorous. He sprang quickly up and wandered along the shore,

full of thoughts and projects as to how he might reach his sister in the lake. In vain he made resound his words of salutation:

"Bertha, beloved sister! if thou dwellest in this lake, answer to my call. I am Reinald, called the Wonder-child, thy brother, who seeketh thee in order to dispel thy enchantment, and lead thee out from thy watery prison." Nothing answered him but many-voiced Echo from the forest.

"Oh, you dear fishes!" he cried, as whole schools of red spotted trout swam up to the shore, and seemed to stare at the stranger. "You dear fishes! tell your mistress that her brother waits here on the shore, to meet her."

He crumbled all the fragments of bread which he found remaining in his pocket and cast them into the lake, to bribe the fishes to carry his message to his sister; but the trout greedily caught up the crumbs, and cared no further for their benefactor. He saw very well that nothing was to be gained by appealing to them; so he set about accomplishing his purpose in another way.

Reinald, as befitted a young knight, had been well trained in all manly exercises, and could swim like a water-rat; and therefore quickly determined upon his course—laid off his armor, took from his weapons nothing but his naked sword in hand, and, as he could discover no boat—as formerly his father had done—plunged, clad in his under-coat of flame-colored satin, courageously into the flood, to seek his brother-in-law Behemoth.

"He will not," thought he, "immediately swallow me, but will listen to a reasonable word, as he did to my father."

Thereupon he purposely splashed in the water, in order to attract the sea-monster, and floated along on the blue waves to the middle of the lake. He confidently kept on his watery way as long as his strength held out, without meeting with an adventure: but, as he began to grow fatigued, he looked back toward the shore and saw, not far away, a thin mist ascend, which seemed to come from behind a rising iceberg. He swam with all his might, in order to examine closely the phenomenon, and found, extending out from the water, a short column of rock crystal, which seemed to be hollow; for, out from it, there rose into the air a heart-refreshing perfume, in little clouds, which the wind threw playfully into the water.

The bold swimmer surmised that this might be the chimney of the subterranean dwelling of his sister. He therefore ventured to glide down into it. His conjecture did not deceive him. The chimney led directly into the fire-place of the bed-chamber of the beautiful Bertha, who, in a charming morning negligé, was just then engaged in preparing her chocolate at a little fire of red sandal-wood.

When the lady heard the noise in the chimney, and suddenly beheld the legs of a man dangling down at the fireside, she was so startled at the unexpected visit, that, in her fright, she upset her chocolate pot and fell back in her arm-chair in a swoon. Reinald shook her until she came to herself again. As soon as she had recovered a little, she said, in a faint voice:

"Unhappy one! whoever thou art, how darest thou venture to enter this subterranean dwelling? Knowest thou not that this audacity will bring thee inevitable death?"

"Fear not, my dear one!" said the brave knight, "I am

thy brother Reinald, called the Wonder-child. I shun neither danger nor death, in search for my beloved sisters, and in loosing the bands of the powerful enchantment which confines them."

Bertha tenderly embraced her brother; but her slender form trembled with fear. Ufo, the dolphin, her spouse, had also at times visited the court of his father-in-law in strict incognito, and, not long before, had learned that Reinald had set forth in search of his sisters. He had often deplored this bold undertaking of the youth.

"If," said he, "he is not devoured by brother-in-law Bear; if brother-in-law Eagle does not tear out his eyes, then brother-in-law Behemoth will swallow him. I fear that, in a fit of animal rage, I could not resist the natural impulse to gulp him down; and if thou, in order to protect him, shouldst clasp him with thy delicate arms, thou beloved one, I would crush thy crystal dwelling, so that the in-rushing floods would drown thee, and him I would bury in my whale belly; for thou knowest that during the transformation period our dwelling is not to be approached by any stranger."

All this the beautiful Bertha did not fail to relate to her brother, but he responded:

"Canst thou not hide me from the sight of this sea-monster, as thy sisters did; so that I may remain here until the period of enchantment has passed?"

"Alas!" replied she, "how could I hide thee? See'st thou not that this dwelling is of crystal, and all its walls as transparent as the ice-heaven?"*

*Without doubt, this is the splendid ice-vault with which Dr. Berger surrounds the earth. He has either found his theory in, or has invented it for, a fairy tale.

"But," persisted Reinald, "there must be one untransparent corner in the house; or art thou the only woman in Germany who is unable to deceive the eyes of her husband?"

The beautiful Bertha was quite inexperienced in this art. She pondered and pondered. At length, she fortunately thought of the wood-shed, in which she might conceal her brother. He assented, without objection, to the proposal, arranged the wood in the transparent shed as artfully as the beaver does his subterranean dwelling, and hid himself in it as best he could. Whereupon the lady hastened to her toilette, made herself as charming as possible, put on one of her most beautiful dresses, which displayed her slender figure, and went into the audience room to await the visit of her husband, the dolphin; standing there as lovely as one of the three Graces, in the imagination of the poet.

Ufo, the dolphin, could not enjoy the society of his lovable wife during the period of transformation, otherwise than by making her, daily, a visit, and indulging himself with the sight of her beauty by gazing at her through the glass house from without. Scarcely had the sweet Bertha entered the audience room, when the great fish came swimming up. Already the water began to surge from afar, and the waves commenced to swirl around the crystal palace. The sea-monster stopped outside, before the apartment, and, drawing in streams of water, spouted them forth again from his wide throat, staring, with his sea-green goggle eyes, mute and astonished, at the beautiful woman.

The more the good lady tried to assume an air of unconcern, the less was it in her power. She was wholly

a stranger to all artifice and deception. Her heart throbbed, her bosom heaved quickly, her cheeks and lips glowed and then grew suddenly pale again. The dolphin, in spite of his fish nature, had so much physiognomical perception, that from these signs he detected mischief, and, making frightful grimaces, darted away like an arrow. He encircled the palace in innumerable windings, and created such a tumult in the waves, that the crystal dwelling shook, and the affrighted Bertha expected nothing but that he would crush it. The spying dolphin, in his thorough inspection of the house, could discover nothing, after all, to confirm his suspicions; therefore he grew quiet, after a while, and fortunately, in his fury he had so disturbed the water that he could not see in what a condition the anxious Bertha was. He swam away. The lady recovered from her terror.

Reinald kept himself tranquil and quiet in the wood-shed until the time of disenchantment approached; and, although the brother-in-law Dolphin, apparently, did not lose all suspicion, (for he never forgot, at his daily visit, to swim three times around; and to spy at all corners of the crystal palace) still, he did not behave as furiously as at the first time. At length the hour of disenchantment freed the patient prisoner from his lonesome wood-shed.

When he awoke, one day, he found himself on a small island. Buildings, pleasure gardens, market places, everything, seemed floating on the water. Hundreds of gondolas sailed up and down the canals, and everybody lived and moved about upon the open squares, in cheerful occupation. In short, the court of brother-in-law Dolphin was a miniature Venice.

The reception of the young knight was as hearty and as friendly here as at the courts of his other brothers-in-law. Ufo, the dolphin, was enchanted for months. The seventh was always the month of freedom from the spell; from one full moon to the next, everything went on in a natural way. Inasmuch as Reinald's stay was longer here, he became better acquainted with Ufo, and lived with him on more intimate terms than he had with his other brothers-in-law. His curiosity had long tormented him to learn by what fatality the three princes had been brought to this unnatural condition of enchantment. He therefore diligently questioned his sister Bertha; but she could give him no information, and Ufo maintained a mysterious silence upon the subject, and consequently Reinald failed to learn what he wished to know.

Meanwhile, the days of joy flew by as if on the wings of the wind. The moon lost her silver horns, and rounded her form more and more every day. During a sentimental evening stroll, Ufo apprised his brother-in-law, Reinald, that the time for their separation was but a few hours distant, and advised him to return to his parents, who were living in great anxiety on his account. The mother had been inconsolable since it became known at the court that he had not gone to Flanders, but into the enchanted forest, to seek adventures. Reinald inquired whether the forest held still other mysteries, and learned that there was but one more, of which he already knew — to seek the guerdon of love, the key to the enchantment, and to destroy the subtle charm. So long as this worked, no release of the princes was to be hoped for.

"But," kindly added Ufo, the dolphin, "follow good ad-

vice, young Sir. Thank the translunar powers and the protection of your sisters, that you have not become a victim to your bold undertaking of searching the enchanted forest. Be satisfied with the glory you have gained. Go forth and give to your parents an account of all you have seen and heard; and, by your return, lead your good mother back from the brink of the grave, to which grief and sorrow for you have brought her."

Reinald promised what brother-in-law Ufo desired him, with a mental reservation to do as he pleased. When sons have outgrown the motherly care, have become tall and boisterous, and swing themselves upon their wild steeds, they care little for the faithful mother-tears.

Ufo soon perceived upon what the youth's mind was bent, and thereupon drew forth his pocket-book, took therefrom three fish-scales, presented them to him, and said:

"If ever you need help, rub these between your hands, so that they may quickly become warm, and then await the result."

Reinald stepped into a beautiful gilded gondola, and suffered himself to be rowed by two gondoliers to the main land. Scarcely was he on shore, when gondola, castle, gardens, and market places disappeared. Of all the magnificence, nothing remained but a fish pond with tall reeds, through which a cool morning breeze rustled.

The knight found himself again at the place where, three months before, he had boldly plunged into the water. His shield and armor lay on the spot with his spear planted near, just as he had left them.

But he made a vow never to rest until the key to the enchantment was in his hand.

THIRD BOOK.

"WHO tells me the straight way, and who guides my feet to the right road which leads to the most wonderful adventure of this boundless forest? Oh, ye translunar powers, look kindly down upon me! and if a son of earth is to dispel this powerful charm, then let me be that happy mortal!"

Thus exclaimed Reinald, thoughtfully, and went forward on his pathless way into the wood. He wandered seven days long, without fear or fright, through the interminable wilderness, and, seven nights, slept in the open air, so that his weapons became rusted by the night dew. On the eighth day he climbed a rocky peak, from which he looked down into inhospitable depths, like those of St. Gotthard. Upon one side opened a valley, overgrown with green vinca, enclosed by high rocks of granite, which towered above the hemlock and the sad cypress. It seemed to him as if he saw in the distance a monument standing. Two gigantic marble columns, with capitals and base of brass, supported a Doric building, which was erected against a wall of rock, and projected over a gate of steel that was fastened by strong bolts and bars, and, as additional security, by a padlock as large as a bushel. Near the portals, a black bull grazed in the grass, seeming, with gleaming, watchful eyes, to guard the entrance.

Reinald doubted not that he had met the adventure to which his brother-in-law Ufo had alluded; and, quickly de-

termining to enter upon it, he glided down from the peak into the valley.

He had approached within bow-shot of the bull before it seemed to perceive him; then it sprang quickly forward, rushed madly to and fro, as if preparing, like an Andalusian horse, for a conflict with the knight; snorted against the ground till clouds of dust arose; stamped with its feet till the earth shook; and plunged its horns into the rocks till they broke into fragments.

The knight placed himself in a posture of attack, and, as the bull bore down upon him, evaded its powerful horns by a dexterous turn, and dealt such a mighty sword-stroke on the neck of the monster, as would, he thought, sever its head from its body, as did that of the brave Skanderbeg. Alas! the neck of the bull was invulnerable to steel or iron. The sword broke into pieces, and the knight retained only the handle in his hand. He had now nothing left for defence, except a lance of maple wood with a double-edged point of steel; but this, also, at the second attack, snapped like a stalk of straw. The bull caught the defenceless youth upon its horns and tossed him, like a mere ball of feather, high into the air, watching to catch and trample him with his hoofs.

Happily, he fell between the outspread branches of a wild pear-tree, which kindly held him. Although every rib in his body cracked, he retained his consciousness enough to cling firmly to the tree, while the enraged bull butted with his brazen forehead so powerfully against its trunk, that it was wrenched at its roots, and almost fell.

Meanwhile, as the furious bull was turning to make a fresh assault and repeat the mighty thrust, Reinald bethought him of the gifts of his brothers-in-law. Chance placed first in his hand the paper containing the three bear-hairs. He rubbed them with all his might, and, in the twinkling of an eye, a terrible bear came trotting up, and began a fierce battle with the bull. The bear speedily conquered the bull, and strangled and tore it in pieces. As he tore it open, there rose from its body a shy wild duck, which flew away, with loud screeching. Reinald divined that the enchantment was evading the victory which the bear had won, and bearing away the prize; therefore he instantly took the three feathers and rubbed them between his hands. Thereupon there appeared, high in the air, a mighty eagle, from which the affrighted wild duck hid low in the bushes; the eagle hovering at an immeasurable height above him.

As the knight observed this, he scared up and followed the wild duck until, as the woods grew thinner, and would no longer serve as a hiding place, it rose and took flight toward the lake.

But the eagle, swooping down from the clouds, seized and tore it to pieces with its mighty claws. As it was expiring, it dropped an egg of gold into the lake. The observant Reinald knew how to meet this new delusion also. He rubbed the fish-scales briskly between his hands, and there rose out of the water a whale, which caught the egg in its wide mouth, and cast it upon the shore. Now was the knight glad in his heart. He broke the golden egg in two with a stone. There fell out of it a little key, which he, triumphant, knew to be the key to the enchantment.

With swift feet he sped back to the steel gate. The dwarfish key seemed not made for the gigantic padlock. Nevertheless he determined to try it; and the instant the key touched the lock, it sprang open; the heavy iron bolt drew back of itself, and the steel gate unclosed. Exultantly he descended into a gloomy grotto, from which seven doors led into seven other subterranean apartments, all elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted with waxen tapers.

Reinald wandered through all these in succession, and, from the last one, passed into a small room, where he discovered a youthful lady reclining upon a couch, locked in a not-to-be-broken enchanted slumber. Love woke in his breast at this heart-stirring sight. Silent and amazed, he stood there without removing his eyes from her. As soon as Knight Reinald had recovered from his astonishment, he looked about him in the room a little, and saw, opposite the sleeping lady, an alabaster tablet, covered with mysterious characters. He conjectured that thereupon the talisman which held all the enchantments of the forest in its power might be engraved. In righteous indignation he clenched his fist, armed with its iron gauntlet, and, with all his manly strength, smote upon it. Instantly the beautiful sleeper started up, awoke, cast a timid glance upon the tablet, and sank back to her benumbed slumber again. Reinald repeated the blow, and everything occurred as before. Now he bethought himself to destroy the talisman; but he had neither sword nor spear—nothing but two stout arms. With these he seized the magic tablet and dashed it down from the high pedestal upon the marble pavement, and shattered it into pieces. Instantly the young

REINALD THE WONDER-CHILD. *Page* 110.

lady woke again from her death-like slumber, and now, at the third awakening, noticed for the first time the presence of a knight, kneeling very respectfully and modestly upon one knee before her; but before he could begin to address her, she hid her lovely face with her veil, and angrily exclaimed:

"Away from me, infamous foe! Even in the form of a most beautiful youth, thou shalt not deceive my eyes nor delude my heart. Thou knowest my determination. Leave me to the death-slumber into which thy magic art hath put me."

Reinald comprehended the lady's error, and therefore was not surprised at this speech, and thus replied:

"Fair lady, be not angry. I am not the dreaded foe who keeps you imprisoned here. I am Reinald, called the Wonder-child. Behold, here, the charm destroyed which held your senses benumbed!"

The maiden peeped out a little from under her veil, and, as she beheld the alabaster tablet shattered, was struck with wonder at the bold deed of the young adventurer, looked graciously upon him, and he pleased her eyes.

She kindly extended her hand and assisted him to arise, and said:

"If it be as you say, noble knight, then complete your task, and lead me out of this awful cavern, that I may see God's sunshine, if it be day without, or look upon the golden stars in the sky of night."

Reinald offered his arm, to conduct her through the seven rooms of state through which he had entered. He threw

open the door; but without was Egyptian darkness, that one could feel, as at the beginning of creation, before the electric beam of light was kindled. All the tapers were extinguished, and the crystal chandeliers no longer poured down their soft rays from the lofty dome of the basalt arch. The noble pair groped for a long time in the dark, before they found their way out of the labyrinthian passage and saw the light of day through the distant entrance of the irregular rocky cavern.

The disenchanted one felt the heart-quickening balsamic influence of all enlivening nature, and breathed in with delight the perfume of flowers which the soft zephyrs wafted toward her, from the blooming meadow lands. She sat down upon the grass with the graceful knight, and his love for her flamed higher; for she was as beautiful as that masterpiece of creation, the first woman from the rib of Adam formed: but another emotion excited him almost as much, and that was his desire to learn who the beautiful unknown was, and ascertain how she came to be enchanted in the forest. He respectfully requested her to inform him upon these matters, and the young lady opened her rose mouth and said:

"I am Hildegard, the daughter of Radbod, the prince of Pommerland. Zornebock, the Sorben prince, asked me in marriage from my father; but, as he was a frightful giant and a pagan, and had also the reputation of being a great sorcerer, he was rejected, upon the plea of my extreme youth. Immediately the pagan became so enraged that he made war upon my good father, slew him in combat, and

took possession of his lands. I had fled to my aunt, the Countess of Vohburg, and my three brothers—all stately knights—were, at the time, out of the country, upon some crusade. My place of sojourn could not remain concealed from the sorcerer. As soon as he had taken possession of my father's lands, he formed the purpose of abducting me, and, through his magic arts, this was an easy thing for him to accomplish. My uncle, the Count, was a lover of the chase. I used often to accompany him, and all the knights of his court vied with each other in offering to me the best caparisoned steed. One day an unknown Master of Horse pressed toward me with a noble, dapple-grey charger, and begged me, in the name of his master, to mount the horse and to deign to accept it for my own. I inquired the name of his master. He excused himself from answering this question until I should have tried the steed, and, after the return from the hunt, should have declared that I did not disdain the gift. I could not well decline this offer, especially as the horse was so splendidly caparisoned that it attracted the eyes of all the court. Gold and precious stones and rich embroidery were lavished upon the purple saddle-cloth; a red silken bridle extended from the bits, up the neck; curb and stirrup were of solid gold, thickly set with rubies. I swung myself into the saddle and had the vanity to be satisfied with my appearance in the cavalcade. The step of the noble steed was so soft and light that it scarcely seemed to touch the ground with its hoofs. Light-footed it took hedges and ditches, and the boldest horsemen were unable to follow it. A white stag, which I

started in the chase and pursued, led me deep into the forest, and separated me from the hunting train. That I might not lose my way, I abandoned the stag, to return to the rendezvous; but the horse refused to obey me—reared, shook its mane, and became frantic.

"I tried to soothe it; but in an instant, with great horror, I saw the horse under me change into a winged monster—the fore legs spread out into a pair of wings; the neck elongated itself; from the head a broad bill stretched out, and I beheld under me a long-legged hippogriff, which rose and soared into the air with me, and, in less than an hour, reached this forest, where it alighted before the steel gate of an ancient castle. My first fright, from which I had not yet recovered, increased when I beheld the Master of Horse who had that morning led the steed to me, and who now respectfully approached to assist me from the saddle. Overcome with fright and depression, I silently suffered myself to accompany him through a number of state apartments to an assembly of ladies, who received me as their mistress, and awaited my commands. Each exerted herself to serve me best, but no one was willing to inform me where, and in whose power, I was. I gave myself up to silent sorrow, which Zornebock, the sorcerer—who lay at my feet in the guise of a yellow gipsy, and besought my love—after a while broke in upon. I received him as my heart prompted me to receive the murderer of my father. The ruffian's manners were wild; his passions stormed in his breast; he was quickly inflamed with rage. I wrestled with despair, braved his fury, and defied him to fulfill his threat to destroy the castle

and bury me under the ruins; but the wretch soon left me, and gave me time for consideration.

"After seven days he renewed his hateful proposition. I thrust him from me with scorn, and he rushed furious from the apartment. Soon afterwards the ground shook under my feet; the earth seemed to sink down into an abyss. I sank upon my couch, and my senses left me. From this deathly swoon the dreadful voice of the sorcerer awoke me.

"'Awake!' cried he, 'beloved sleeper, from thy seven years' slumber, and tell me if beneficent Time has softened thy hatred for thy faithful Paladin. Rejoice my heart with even the faintest ray of hope, and this sad grotto shall change itself into a temple of joy.'

"I deigned the infamous sorcerer no reply — not even a glance — hid my face with my veil, and wept. My anguish seemed to move him. He entreated, he implored, he wailed loudly, and writhed like a worm at my feet. At length his patience wearied. He sprang quickly up and exclaimed: 'Well then! be it so. In seven years we will speak together again.'

"Thereupon, he lifted the alabaster tablet to the pedestal, and immediately an irresistible sleep fell upon my eyelids, until again the barbarian interrupted my repose.

"'Unfeeling one!' cried he to me, 'if thou art still cruel to me, at least be not so to thy three brothers. My faithful Master of Horse has revealed thy fate to them; but he is punished, the traitor! They have been here — these unhappy ones — with the strength of their armies, to wrest thee from me; but this hand was too heavy for them, and

they now lament their rashness, in their divers forms, within this forest.'

"So paltry a falsehood as that to which the monster resorted to overcome my firmness, only the more embittered my heart against him. Scorn sat upon my lips, and the bitterest contempt.

"'Unhappy one!' thundered out the furious pagan, 'thy fate is decided! Sleep as long as the invisible powers this talisman obey!' Quickly he shoved the alabaster tablet into place, and the magic trance robbed me of consciousness and life. You, noble knight, by destroying the talisman itself, have awakened me from that death-like slumber. But I comprehend not by what power you have been enabled to accomplish this feat, and what also restrains the sorcerer from opposing you. Zornebock can no longer be living, or you would not have been suffered even to touch his talisman unpunished."

The charming Hildegard judged quite correctly. The monster, with his Sorben, had entered Bohemia, where at that time the princess Libussa, from the fairy race, reigned; and in her—as did the mighty Cyrus in the Scythian queen, Tomyris—had found his mistress. Zornebock, in comparison with the renowned Bohemian queen, was but an apprentice in magic. She had outdone him with her arts, so that he had been compelled to leave the field of battle and succumb to the assaults of the vigorous knights to whom she had given magic weapons, which his lesser arts could not withstand.

As the beautiful Hildegard ceased speaking, Reinald began and related his adventures to her. When he mentioned the

three enchanted princes in the forest, who were his brothers-in-law, she was seized with amazement, for she now comprehended that Zornebock's story had been no falsehood, but the sad truth.

The knight was just upon the point of concluding his narrative when there arose upon the mountain loud shouts of triumph and rejoicing. Soon after, there broke from the forest three cavalcades of horsemen, at the heads of which Hildegard recognized her brothers, and Reinald his sisters. The enchantment of the forest was broken.

After mutual embracings and congratulations, the caravan of the disenchanted left the awful solitude, and betook themselves to the old forest castle. Mounted messengers sped to the residence of the Count, to announce the glad tidings of the coming of his children. The court had just put on deep mourning for the loss of the young Count, whom they wept as dead. The parents believed that the enchanted forest had swallowed him up forever. The sorrowing mother had upon earth no other solace, and took interest in nothing save in arranging funeral ceremonies for her children. They were just about to solemnize the requiem of Reinald: but not more quickly could the late Nicolini have changed his pantomimic scenes, than did all things in the residence of the Count take another aspect at the glad intelligence. All now breathed life and joy again.

In a few days the worthy parental couple experienced the delight of embracing their children and grandchildren. Adelheid, since the visit of her brother, had given birth to a lovely daughter, who from her mother's bosom stretched out

her little arms smilingly to her grandpapa, and, for a greeting, pulled his silvery locks.

Among all the festivities of the happy return, the marriage festival of Reinald with the beautiful Hildegard was especially distinguished.

A whole year was passed in manifold varieties of rejoicing and merry-makings.

At length the princes reflected that a too-long protracted enjoyment of pleasures would impair the manly spirit and ability of their knights and retainers; moreover, the residence of the Count was too small to well accommodate so many courtly establishments. Therefore the three sons-in-law prepared, with their ladies, for departure. Reinald, the heir, left his grey-haired parents no more, and closed their eyes as became a dutiful son. Albert, the bear, purchased the principality of Askanion and founded the city of Bernburg. Edgar, the eagle, went into the Helvetian land, under the shadow of the lofty Alps, and built Aarburg, upon a river without name, but which was afterwards called after the city near which it flowed. Ufo, the dolphin, made an expedition into Burgundy, took possession of that realm, and called the conquered province the Delphinate.

And, as the three princes, in naming their cities and dynasties, remembered their enchantments, so they also took the animal forms they had borne in the period of enchantment, as symbols for their escutcheons; and therefore it is that Bernburg has a golden-crowned bear, Aarburg an eagle, and the Delphinate a sea-monster upon their coats of arms, even to this day. Moreover, the precious pearls which, on

gala days, glorify and adorn the Olympus of all the earthly goddesses in our part of the world, and are considered to be Orientals, are the spoils of the lake in the enchanted forest, and were found, once upon a time, in the three linen bags.

THE BEAUTIFUL NZENTOLA

THE BEAUTIFUL NZENTOLA.*

[FROM THE ITALIAN.]

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a King and Queen, who wished very much for a child, but had none. The King made a vow, that if ever a son should be bestowed upon him, he would, when the child became twelve years of age, construct a beautiful fountain, from which oil should flow for twelve hours, for the benefit of everyone. In time, the Queen gave birth to a beautiful boy. Imagine the joy of its parents!

The child grew, and became handsomer every day. When it reached the age of twelve years, the King remembered his vow, and caused a beautiful fountain to be made in his castle yard. He proclaimed throughout his kingdom, that for twelve hours, oil would flow from it, and that everyone might come and dip therefrom as much as he wished. Then, from far and near, the people came and crowded about the fountain, in order to obtain the oil. The King's son meanwhile stood upon the balcony, amusing himself with the spectacle.

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* Diminutive for Innocenza.

At last, after the oil had ceased to flow, there came an old woman with a little pitcher; but when she found she could not fill her pitcher from the fountain, she took a sponge and carefully sopped up the oil which remained in the crevices. But the King's son was standing at the window watching her; and when she at last had filled her pitcher, he wantonly caught up a stone, threw it, and broke the pitcher, and caused the oil to be spilled. Then the old woman cried out in anger:

"Thou shalt not marry until thou hast found the beautiful Nzentola."

From that time forth, the Prince thought only of the beautiful Nzentola, and was no longer content with his parents; and after he became some years older, he went to his father and said:

"Dear father, give me a horse, and let me go to seek the beautiful Nzentola."

"Oh, my son," cried the alarmed father, "art thou crazy? Dost thou know how difficult it is to discover the beautiful Nzentola? Dost thou know that her parents are cannibals? Think no more of it, my son, but stay with us. Here thou lackest nothing, and thou art our only son."

But the Prince was not to be restrained; and over and over again he besought the King to let him go, until at last he gave him a horse, and permitted him to depart with his blessing.

The Prince rode straight on for a long time, until at length he came one evening to a wild region, where no habitation was to be seen. But in the distance he perceived a

faint light, toward which he held his course, and finally reached a hut, where dwelt a hermit. The hermit was the first of the guards of the beautiful Nzentola.

"Who is without there?" demanded he in a deep voice.

"I am a poor youth," answered the Prince. "Let me rest here for this night, and to-morrow I will continue on my way."

"What! thou wishest to bear off the beautiful Nzentola, dost thou? Now will I eat thee up!"

"Do not devour me," besought the Prince. "I know nothing of the beautiful Nzentola, and am only hunting for amusement."

Then the hermit unbound the door, gave him food, and showed him to a couch. The following morning, when the Prince was taking leave, the hermit gave to him a wand of velvet and gold, and said:

"Listen to my advice. Take this wand. It will be of use to thee. A day's journey from here, dwells my elder brother. With him thou must rest to-night. When thou leavest him, ask him to give thee two loaves of bread; they will be useful to thee. On the following day, thou wilt come to my eldest brother, who will receive thee. If thou sittest at table with him, pull out three hairs from his beard, and keep them carefully. They will be of use to thee."

The youth thanked him and rode on for the whole day, until in the evening he reached the second hermit. He knocked, and the hermit called:

"Who is without there?"

"I am a poor youth. Let me rest here this night, and to-morrow I will go on my way."

"What! thou wishest to bear off the beautiful Nzentola, dost thou?" growled the hermit. "Now will I eat thee up!"

"Do not devour me," pleaded the Prince. "I know of no beautiful Nzentola. I only wish to hunt awhile for amusement."

Thenthe hermit opened the door, and gave him refreshment and a bed for the night. As he was taking his leave, the next morning, he asked the hermit:

"Please to give me two loaves of bread, so that I may not die of hunger in this desert."

Then the hermit gave him the loaves, and growled:

"Let it not come into thy head to steal the beautiful Nzentola, or it will fare ill with thee."

"What care I for the beautiful Nzentola?" said the Prince, as he rode away.

In the evening he came to a third hermit, who was very old, and had a long white beard, and who demanded, in a grumbling tone:

"Who is without there?"

The Prince asked for a night's shelter, but the hermit said:

"Thou wishest to steal the beautiful Nzentola, perhaps. Now will I eat thee up!"

The King's son swore that he knew not who the beautiful Nzentola was, and at last the hermit permitted him to enter. While they were at their meal, the Prince suddenly caught the old man's beard, and pulled therefrom three hairs.

"What art thou thinking of? Now will I eat thee up!"

"Why! for what wouldst thou devour me?" said the King's son. "A fly had crept into thy beard, and as I was trying to free thee from it, the hairs caught in my fingers."

Upon this the old man became calm. The next morning the Prince mounted his horse, and rode on. After he had ridden for a long time, he came to a plain, and saw before him a beautiful castle. The door stood open, but fixed in it was an immense pair of scissors, which constantly opened and shut again, so that no one could pass.

The Prince dismounted, took the wand of velvet and gold, and placed it between the scissors; and while they were cutting through the wand, he slipped in. Hardly had he entered the castle, when two roaring lions rushed forward to devour him. Then he threw to them the two loaves, and while they were engaged with them he hastened up the stairs; but in the ante-chamber was a bumble-bee, which began a loud buzzing whenever any one entered the castle, in order that the sorceress might hear it, and hasten thither. But the Prince threw toward it the three hairs, so that it became entangled, and ceased its humming.

At last the Prince came into a large hall, and there sat the beautiful Nzentola, more beautiful than the sun.

"Oh beautiful Nzentola!" he cried, "see thou how much I have striven and suffered for thee! Now thou must follow me, and become my spouse."

"How is this possible?" answered she. "My parents are absent now, but they will immediately return; and if they find thee, they will eat thee."

"This is now thy care," said the Prince. "I have done much for thee; now thou must find means for our flight."

"Then will I hide thee in my chamber, and we will flee in the night," answered the beautiful Nzentola.

Thereupon she hid the Prince in her chamber; and, soon after, the cannibal and his wife returned, and said, growlingly:

"We scent human flesh! We scent human flesh!"

"Nonsense!" replied the daughter; "how could a human being come in here? Am I not well guarded by the bumble-bee, and the two lions, and the scissors?"

When the cannibal and his wife had fallen asleep, the beautiful Nzentola called the Prince, spat once upon the floor, and fled with the youth.

After a while, the old sorceress awoke; and not seeing her daughter, called out:

"Beautiful Nzentola, come, go to bed!"

"I am coming. I must finish only the knitting of this stocking."

"How far art thou with it?"

"I have knitted one-half of it."

After an hour, the sorceress cried again:

"Beautiful Nzentola, come, go to bed!"

"I am coming. I must finish only the knitting of this stocking."

"How far art thou with it?"

"I am narrowing the stitches."

Again, after a while, the sorceress called:

"Beautiful Nzentola, come thou at last to bed!"

"I am coming. I must finish only the knitting of this stocking."

"How far art thou with it?"

"I am knitting the heel."

And when it had almost grown day, the sorceress called out once more:

"Beautiful Nzentola! beautiful Nzentola! come thou at last to bed."

But the words which Nzentola had spat upon the floor had been exhausted, and no answer came.

"Beautiful Nzentola! beautiful Nzentola!" cried the sorceress. But the beautiful Nzentola was already far away beyond the mountains. The sorceress roused the cannibal, and cried:

"Our daughter has fled! Arise, and we will pursue her."

That they might overtake her, the cannibal and his wife transformed themselves into a red and a white cloud, and they soon caught up with her.

"Look thee behind, and tell me what thou see'st," said the beautiful Nzentola to the Prince.

"I see a red and a white cloud," answered the Prince.

"Then will I transform myself into a church, and thee into the sexton," said the beauty. And immediately she became a church, and the Prince a sexton.

The cannibal and his wife assumed their natural forms, and going toward the sexton, asked:

"Have a man and a woman passed by?"

"It is not yet time for mass," the sexton replied, as if he had not understood.

"Have a man and a woman passed by?"

"No; the priest is not yet arrived."

"Have a man and a woman passed by?"

"The chalice has not yet been brought."

"Have a man and a woman passed by?"

"The wafer is forgotten."

"Have a man and a woman passed by?"

"The missal is not to be found."

Now the two cannibals lost all patience, and grumblingly returned home. But the sorceress found no rest, and she exclaimed:

"I *must* overtake them; and if thou comest not with me, I go alone."

She transformed herself into a white cloud, and sailed after them.

"Look thee behind, and tell me what thou see'st!" said the beautiful Nzentola.

"I see a white cloud."

"Then I will be a garden, and thou its gardener."

Then she became a garden, and he became the gardener; and when the sorceress came up, she asked:

"Ran there a man and a woman by?"

"The fennel is not yet ripe."

"Ran there a man and a woman by?"

"I cannot yet give thee lettuce."

"Ran there a man and a woman by?"

"How can you ask for turnips at this time?"

"Dost thou try to deceive me?" cried the sorceress, who was about to seize the gardener, when the beautiful Nzentola cried:

"Change thyself into a rosebush, and I will be the rose!"

Thereupon was the Prince changed into a rosebush, upon which blossomed a wonderful rose.

The sorceress knew well enough that *this* rose was her daughter, and she attempted to pluck it. But the rosebush pricked her with its thorns, and scratched her severely.

This she did not at all mind, and as she was about to reach her hand again after the rose, the beautiful Nzentola cried:

"Change thyself into a well, and I will be an eel in it." And immediately the rosebush had disappeared, and in its stead there was a well, filled with clear water, and in the water played an eel. The sorceress sought to catch the eel; but no sooner did she think that she had it, than it slipped again from her fingers.

"Beautiful Nzentola! beautiful Nzentola!" she cried, "come with me, else wilt thou repent it."

But she could cry out as much as she wished, and the beautiful Nzentola obeyed not. Then spoke the sorceress:

"May he then forget thee at the first kiss his mother gives him!" and with this she returned into her castle.

But the beautiful Nzentola and the Prince continued on their way; and when they neared the city where his parents lived, he said to her:

"Beautiful Nzentola, it does not become thee to enter in this manner my father's city. Remain thou here, whilst I go to announce thy coming. To-morrow I will return with a splendid equipage and a great train, and carry thee in triumph to my castle."

"Ah no!" begged she. "Leave me not here; for if thou kissest thy mother, thou wilt forget me!"

"Be not afraid," he answered. "I shall not kiss my mother, and I shall return to-morrow."

Then he brought her to one of his father's peasants, and left her at his farm. When he arrived at the castle, his parents were full of joy at seeing once more their beloved son; but he said to them:

"Dear mother, thou must not kiss me, else I forget my dear bride; for I have found the beautiful Nzentola, and to-morrow I go with a great train to bring her here."

But when he had gone to rest at night, the Queen, unable to resist her longing to kiss her son, thought:

"I will remind him of the beautiful Nzentola."

So she went into his chamber, and kissed him, and at that very moment he forgot the beautiful Nzentola; and when he awoke, he remembered nothing about her.

"Dear son, wilt thou not go to bring home the beautiful Nzentola?" asked the Queen.

"Who is the beautiful Nzentola? I know nothing of her, and I desire to know nothing of her," answered the Prince.

He remained with his parents, led a happy life, and after a time he chose another bride, and the wedding was soon to be.

But the peasant with whom the beautiful Nzentola was living, went occasionally into the town; and once when he returned, the beauty asked him for the news.

"The King's son has chosen a noble bride, and the wedding will shortly be," answered the peasant.

"Do me this favor," said the beautiful Nzentola: "buy me

in town seven rottoli* of sugar and honey, and seven rottoli of almond paste."

When the peasant had brought these to her, she formed of them two beautiful doves, over which she repeated a charm; and, giving them to the peasant, she commanded:

"Carry these doves to the kingly castle, and let them be taken secretly into the chamber of the King's son."

"The peasant did as she requested, and when the Prince entered his chamber, he found sitting there the two doves."

"Oh! how pretty are these doves!" said he; and going nearer them, one dove began:

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember when thou didst come to me, and didst tell me how much thou hadst suffered for me, and that I had now to follow thee?"

"Yes," answered the other dove.

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how I hid thee in my chamber, so that my parents should not devour thee?"

"Yes!"

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how I fled with thee in the night, and how I spat the words upon the floor, so that they might answer instead of me?"

"Yes!"

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how my parents pursued us, and how I transformed myself into a church, and thee into the sexton? How they asked thee whether a man and a woman had passed, and thou didst answer, the priest had not yet come, and the chalice and the wafer had not yet been brought, and the missal was not to be found?"

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* Nearly one pound.

"Yes!"

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how my mother overtook us again, and I transformed myself into a garden, and thee into a gardener? How she asked thee whether a man and a woman had passed, and thou didst speak of fennel, of lettuce, and turnips?"

"Yes!"

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how thou didst change into a rosebush, and I into a rose; and how my mother wanted to gather me, and thou didst prick and scratch her with thy thorns?"

"Yes!"

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how thou wast transformed into a well, and I into an eel; and how my mother wanted to catch me, and I slipped through her fingers?"

"Yes!"

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how my mother called after me: 'Beautiful Nzentola, come with me, else thou wilt repent it;' and I did not heed her, but left father and mother, in order to follow thee? and how she cursed me then, thus—'May he then forget thee at the first kiss his mother gives him'?"

"Yes!"

"*Coo, Coo.* Dost thou remember how thou didst leave me at the peasant's farm, and didst promise to return?"

When the dove spoke of the peasant's farm, the Prince remembered all that had happened, and hastening to the King, he said:

"Dear father, send home my betrothed, for I have already

a bride—my beautiful Nzentola, for whom I suffered so much!"

Then he stepped into a splendid carriage, took costly dresses with him, and a great retinue, and he drove to the peasant's farm, to take home the beautiful Nzentola.

"Did I not tell thee that thou shouldst not leave me here?" said she.

"My mother kissed me while I slept," answered the Prince; "therefore I forgot thee: but now all our misfortunes are at an end, and I have come to take thee to my castle."

Then she put on the costly garments, and sat with him in the splendid carriage, and entered the King's castle with all honors. And the King and the Queen rejoiced over their son's beautiful bride, and celebrated a magnificent wedding.

Thus they became husband and wife, and the story is ended.

THE HUNCHBACK

THE HUNCH-BACK.

[FROM THE TURKISH.]

ONCE UPON A TIME there lived two sisters, in every way so unlike, that no one would have suspected their relationship. One — the elder, who was called Ellif — was beautiful, with tall and stately figure and handsome face. Her hair was black as the midnight, and hung far below her waist in many fine plaits; and her eyebrows were finely arched, and met between her eyes. She was vain and ambitious, and, with all her natural attractions, her poverty was the one obstacle to her getting a fine husband, and being mistress of a grand house with many servants. With such possibilities in view, as husband and house and servants — and it seemed likely that time would soon change these possibilities to impossibilities — she often spoiled her pretty face with frowns, and frequently reddened her eyes with angry tears, at the perverse fate which clothed her in coarse cotton, instead of the satins, and velvets, and embroideries, which she felt sure would make her quite irresistible to some eligible, beauty-loving *cælebs*.

She had also, I am sorry to say, a strong conviction, not unusual among beauties, that the outward adornments of her person, bestowed on her by nature, were indications of Providence that she should do no menial labor.

Fortunately, for the preservation of her delicate complexion and dainty hands, there was a younger sister, who had so little beauty that she was relieved of all anxiety concerning its preservation, since there can be no danger of losing what one has never possessed. This poor girl was also seriously afflicted with a hump; so that altogether there was not the slightest possibility of her rivalling her sister in any one respect.

The younger one, whose name was Leila, smoked her eyes, burned her face, and roughened her hands in the kitchen; and handsome Ellif, the elder, was generally quite gracious toward her.

One night Leila, the hunch-back, awoke at midnight to find her room so bright and radiant with the moonlight, that she mistook it for the day, and, rising from her bed, she thought she would slip quietly off to the bath, so as to be back before the noon. As she approached the bathing-place, she heard voices within, and hastened to enter, convinced that she was not too early, as she had begun to suspect.

She found herself in the midst of a circle of the most beautiful women she had ever seen, with glistening hair and gorgeous robes. And they danced, and sang, as they danced, a song with this refrain:

"It is Wednesday,
Sing we cheerily!
It is Wednesday,
Dance we merrily!"

Our little mortal was not at all abashed at the sight of such splendor and beauty; and the fairies, though she did not know they were such, seemed to absorb her out of her self-consciousness; so she joined them in song and dance, but did not accurately catch their chorus; and all in happy ignorance she sang:

"It is THURSDAY,
Sing we cheerily!
It is THURSDAY,
Dance we merrily!"

This broke the spell, and the dancing ceased, and now several of the pretty fairies pounced upon the terrified, though innocent, intruder and tossed her high up to the ceiling. When she came down, her own mother would not have recognized her.

Her hump was gone; her scanty, faded locks were replaced by a wealth of auburn hair; her thin cheeks were rounded and rose-tinted; and in short, could she have seen herself, she would hardly have dared to go home. Instead of the old cotton rags she had worn on her way thither, the fairies — who do nothing by halves — arrayed her in a silken robe, with jacket of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold thread and costly pearls; decked her hair with flowers and tinsel; put sweet-scented beads about her neck, and placed on her feet diamond *nol-luns.**

They also presented her with a single hair, which, should she ever need their aid, she was to burn, and it would summon them. After all this, they sent her off; and Leila, be-

* The nol-lun is the Turkish sandal, made of wood and raised from the floor one or more inches by two heels — one of them placed under the ball of the foot, and one under the heel.

wildered but happy, soon made her way home, and as usual attended to her duties in the kitchen.

Surprised indeed were the family when they awoke, to discover this lovely young creature surrounded by smoke, busying herself with the cooking, instead of the sickly household drudge, whose ill features and deformity had seemed to them a Providence in their favor.

When Ellif, the beauty, saw what a rival she had in her own home, she grew more wretched than ever before; but suddenly she bethought herself that this blunder of her sister's in breaking the fairy spell might be turned to good account; and if the fairies would but dress her in such beautiful attire as that worn by Leila, she, whose beauty was her birthright, might still outshine her.

This she thought of all the day through, and when the night came, she lay on her bed till midnight, and rose quietly and stole out to the bath, there to try her luck with the sprites.

She found them as Leila found them the previous night — singing and dancing, their beautiful hair shimmering in the bright moonlight. Now they sang:

"It is Thursday,
Sing we cheerily!
It is Thursday,
Dance we merrily!"

Ellif did not wish to do just as her sister had done, but she joined in the song and dance, and substituted Tuesday for Thursday in the chorus.

Instantly the singing ceased, the dancing stopped, and an-

LEILA THE HUNCHBACK. *Page* 142.

gry voices demanded the punishment of this selfish and willful intruder. They caught her in their arms and threw her in the air again and again, all the while repeating these words:

"Toss her, toss her,
Far and high,
In no greed
Can beauty lie.
Toss her, toss her,
To the sky."

When at last she stood again upon her feet, she discovered with rage and despair, that her beauty was irrecoverably gone, her figure was ruined, and she was burdened with two humps. Sorrowfully she went home; and the two sisters changed places; for Ellif was too ugly to be looked upon even, and Leila's beauty was famed throughout the land.

After a time, when Ellif had grown repentant of her selfish, wicked envy and covetousness, which had changed her from a beautiful maiden to a deformed drudge of the kitchen, Leila thought of the hair which the fairies had given her, and having no desire greater than the wish to see her sister happy and beautiful again, she burnt the treasure one moonlight night, and on the moonbeams came the fairies, and they danced, and sang:

"It is Sunday,
Sing we cheerily!
It is Sunday,
Dance we merrily!"

And Leila and Ellif joined in dance and chorus, and the fairies tossed them gayly, and, when the dawn came, Ellif stood in all her former beauty; and two more gracious ladies than they never dwelt in Turkey.

SON OF THE FAIRY

THE SON OF THE FAIRY.

[FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF MORITZ JOKAI.]

I.

WAS IT, or was it not? Or was it only a dream, that there once lived in the world a great and mighty people who were called Huns?

A long time—hundreds of years—ago, Europe dreamed of this people; and what terrible dreams it must have had! Of whole nations weltering in blood; of the rivers on the map of early Europe marked in *red*, and its cities designated by volcanoes; of a strong, ruthless hand, grasping the boundary lines of all the countries and confusing them, like as the threads of a cobweb, so that none could find its frontiers as they had once been defined; that, out of this terrible people, there arose a half demoniac demi-godlike form, who exterminated, like weeds, the other nations, and, with the point of his sword, upturned whole countries, and who called himself *Attila, the scourge of God!*

With what delight must Europe have awakened and found

that it had only dreamed; that this mighty people existed not, had vanished—was but a dream; that its terrible king had disappeared—was but a vision of sleep! God needs no scourge. Men are good. Why then should He have afflicted them with a curse?

But it was true. Attila died; but no *man* could have killed him, although he walked always in the same path with Death.

He was one hundred and ten years old; and God himself destroyed him, by drowning him in his own blood; else had he still been living.

The scourge of God left three sons. The eldest has been called Ellāk, the second Dengezies, the youngest Jonāk. These names a malicious foreigner, who was unwilling that their true ones should be handed down to posterity, gave them; but they were really otherwise named: the eldest Elmanzār, the second Uzindur and the youngest Csāba.

As in all fairy tales, the youngest was most beloved by father, mother, and all the fairy folk. Each son was born of a different mother. The mother of Elmanzār was a Hunian princess; and because of this, the old Huns, the tāltos,* the fire-watchers, the lighters of the sacrifices, and the wildest of this chamois-clad people, who ate raw flesh and drank warm blood and fought naked in battle, were devoted to her to the last drop of their blood.

An Alānān king's daughter was the mother of Uzindur. Him all the conquered foreigners loved, because he him-

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* Priests

self was half an alien, blue-eyed and fair-haired, among the black-browed Huns, and amiable to all.

The mother of the youngest was called *Rika*. She was neither a Hun nor an Alānān. She belonged to no tribe. She was a fairy, a descendant of the Alraunen, who were banished by the Scythian kings, because of their witchcraft, to the wild forests, where they became familiar with all the fairies and sprites, and learned from them the mysteries for weal or woe to man, of earth and air and fire and water.

Rika, in the form of a white eagle, bore Attila to the Holy Land, and, while resting with him upon a mountain-top, she gave to him the world as far as the eye could see, and could no further see. The air was clear and pure, and the tāltos, who brought to the top of the mountain and offered there their sacrifices to the gods, could see from thence to the end of the earth. Attila, therefore, went to the furthest ends of the world, and conquered all lands whereon man dwelt. When he returned to the mountain from whence he had set forth, Rika had grown gray, and Csāba had become a brave warrior, and fought always at the right hand of his father.

At length, the whole world was conquered. Everywhere reigned the Huns. Now the question was, who, after Attila, should reign over the Huns?

Upon a certain day, Rika caused herself to be carried to the quiet springs of the Olt. There the delicate Hunian virgins bathed her withered limbs, and she said:

"Now place me in the dewy grass, for I am about to die. I feel the breath of the Eternal upon my cheeks, and

no herb or charm can make me well again. Fell four pine trees in the forest; set them near the water; between them place me so that my face shall be turned toward the sunrise, for thither I return. For seven days and seven nights let me rest there. Meanwhile, cast green nut-leaves into the stream, that the current may bear them down to the brave heroes who water their horses therein, and to the maidens who fill their pitchers therefrom; and thus announce to them that some one has died in Hunia. After seven days, let the sons of Attila come to me, bend over me, and each in his turn, kiss my face. From him at whose kiss my eyes shall open, you shall hear the will of the Eternal One. To him I will answer as if I were living; and he, after Attila, shall reign over the Huns. Then I shall die again. No one will see me more, unless *he* shall call me, and he shall call me only when in great need of me. Now dance and sing until the sun shall set."

The great light-sending god of fire was scarcely visible upon the horizon: one-half of him only remained above the grave into which each night he descended. The fairy followed, with dying eyes, his fading light—gazing upon him as if they were exchanging a farewell look. Then both closed their eyes—the sun and the fairy.

For seven days and seven nights the horns sounded on the summit of the Hargita. The fires of the altar still burned, and yet another had been lighted. The waters had borne the green leaves which had been cast upon them, far out into the sea, when the dawn of the seventh day came.

On the seventh day, the wise and the great of the land

assembled. The leaders, who conducted the battles; the tāltos, who, from the course of the sun and from the singing of birds, made prophecy; the gyulas, who tended the fires upon the altars; the kardos, who bore the sword of God in battle; the āldozō, the letters of blood at the sacrifices; the rabonbāns, who pronounced the judgments, and the garabonczen, who from the enemy buy rain and dew, and sell to them in return storm and earthquake — all these assembled around Rika's bier, which was made of turf, flowering with fragrant blossoms that seemed whispering, with their bell-like chalices, into the ear of the fairy.

Around the foot of the bier stood the sons of Attila; and also, with white, uncovered head, the aged leader himself. All stood uncrowned; for where the bier is, there is no place for the throne. The dead is king.

They waited until the first rays of the sun appeared between the mountains. Then the chief tāltos sprinkled clear water upon them from boughs of willow, whispering softly: "He who cometh here with an impure heart, this water shall scald!"

The first rays of the sun gilded the face of the dead. The long locks of white hair, which hung adown her side, seemed formed half of gold and half of silver strands.

The aged king advanced to the dead, and laying her head upon his knee, gazed upon her face long and silently and sadly; then he lifted his royal flashing eyes, in which there glistened an unwonted tear — as if the vivid lightning should draw after it a rainbow. He had given his heart to the fairy, and she was taking it down into the grave; and

with it the hearts of all who loved her: and they, in that grave, will so throb that even the grandchildren of their grandchildren will feel the pain, and will have no power to alienate themselves from the land where Rika is buried—Rika, the so much loved of all her people.

"Come thou, Elmanzār!" spoke the king to the eldest son, "here lies thy mother; for she was also thy mother, as well as the mother of all of her people. Kiss her for the last time."

The powerful, hero-like man, with rough, defiant bearing, and girded with his weapons, strode to the side of the dead, threw aside his down-flowing brown curls, parted his beard, and kissed the cold face, which, after the kiss, remained still cold. Elmanzār stamped his foot upon the ground as he arose.

"Come, Uzindur!" bade Attila to the second son, "Rika loved thee more than she loved her own child—more than thy own mother loved thee. Kiss her cold cheeks; it may be they will warm for thee."

Uzindur already knew the sweetness of the kisses of the lips of young maidens, and shrank from the kiss of the dead, which is cold, and makes cold. All noted how pale he grew as he approached and scarcely touched the lips of Rika with his own. As he arose he saw—as did the others—with terror, upon the cold forehead of the dead, which, until then, had been as smooth as marble, suddenly appear a deep angry frown, which contracted the silvery eyebrows. Uzindur staggered away, hiding his pallid face in his trembling hands.

There now remained only the youngest son, who was as the apple of the eye to the young people — Csāba. The hearts of many of the young maidens beat for the stately youth, but he comprehended not their secret longings, and cast down his glance, not only because he was modest, but because of the pearl-like tears which filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. The king called to him:

"Come, my son Csāba! look upon thy mother, who lies dead here before thee, and not upon the ground that will soon cover her. Ask of her, with a kiss, who is he who shall reign over the world after me?"

Csāba fell sobbing on his mother's breast, laid his burning cheek to her cold face, pressed his trembling lips to her motionless ones, and wet her stony brow with his profusely falling tears. The dead moved, raised her hands, lifted her head, opened her eyes. With her hands she pressed her weeping son to her breast; with her eyes she looked only upon him; with her stammering lips she spoke only to him:

"Be blessed, thou offspring of Attila!" she murmured to him. "Thou alone shalt reign in the land of Attila, as far as one can see the world from this mountain summit, and further, not!"

Then she kissed her son's lips once more. By that kiss she made him eloquent. She kissed both his eyes. By those kisses she made him a prophet. She kissed his forehead. By that kiss she made him wise. Then she whispered a word in his ear:

"If thou callest me with this word, I will come," and then she sank back on the bier, and rested her silvery head upon

the lap of Attila. Not all the rosy light which the morning sun streamed upon her face could recall her to life.

The zomotor* was quietly performed. At the springs of the Olt, at the foot of the mountain, they dug a grave, and threw therein green leaves and dry leaves, that she might sleep in peace, and not desire to arise. They placed her jewels, her comb, and her cap of pearl, near her, that she might not have to return for them. They made a great mound over her grave, and planted thereon a rose tree, that she might draw its roots down to her, and from them learn what was happening in the world.

Attila, with the seven leaders, the seven tāltos, and the seven gyulas, ascended to the top of the mountain of which the dead had prophesied, that, as far as one could see from its summit, Csāba should reign over the world. But alas! when they looked about them, the whole horizon was hidden by a dense fog. The clouds, which hung low over the earth, concealed it from their sight. Around about them there was visible only a little space — only large enough for a *grave!*

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* Burial ceremony.

II.

THE ARROWS OF THE FATHER.

Who knows what disturbs the earth, when it shakes beneath the inhabited cities, so that they tumble as if they had been built by children? Who knows what disturbs the air, when the invisible storm goes forth with its battle-cry, and forces the gigantic trees of the forest to bend their crowns? Who knows what disturbs the water, when, leaving its accustomed course, it bursts its borders and makes the fragrant meadows as the bottom of the sea? Who knows what disturbs the sky, when, among the peaceful stars, by chance unexpectedly appears the comet, like a flying arrow whose silver feathers were sent up by the metallic bow of a powerful god? Weep ye for whom this arrow is destined! What offends the sky, the earth, the river, and the air, that they, to the terror of mankind, arouse themselves and give proof of their vitality to that parasitical race of worms, which thinks itself the only living thing in the world?

Attila is dead! His death caused the world to shudder. Him, whom God had sent down into the world as His left hand. Him to whom God had from heaven cast down His own nation-slaying battle-sword, that he might wear it. The terrible fifth element, before which the world had trem-

bled, had ceased to exist. It was but fitting that the other four elements should be moved by his death.

He died on the fifteenth of March, on the death-day of Julius Cæsar; on the death-day of the three hundred Fabii;* on his own birth-day.

The Greek Emperor Theodos dreamed on that very night, that he saw the bow of Attila break in two. Great lamentation arose among the Huns at the tidings. The nobles among the warriors and the valiant captains scarred their faces with knives; the women cut short their hair; in all the tents, for three days and three nights, the men drank; in all the camp was awful orgie. The heroes stabbed sharp irons into their limbs, let the blood flow into the wine, and therewith drank to each other; but the sons of Attila went to the Totāltos,† who counseled the people, and put to him this question:

"How shall Attila be buried?"

The old tāltos retired into a dark cave for three days; listened to the mysterious howling of the night-wolf; from the twittering of birds and the changes of the clouds gained mystic knowledge; and, on the third day, appeared before the sons of the king, and gave to them this answer:

"*Under the ground; under the water.*

"*In the rays of the sun, in the rays of the moon, in darkest night.*

"*Even he who has buried him must not be able to tell where he has buried him.*"

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* History says there were three hundred and six.

† High Priest.

The sons of the king were greatly amazed at this answer. None knew how to interpret it. They tortured their brains in vain, although the high priest declared that he who should discover the meaning thereof, and should bury the leader according thereto, should have his choice among all the treasures of Attila. Elmanzār proclaimed it to the leaders. Uzindur summoned to his aid the Druids of the Goths; but no one could solve the enigma.

Csāba appealed to his mother, who lay in the grave there, under a great square stone at the foot of the Rika mountains. At night, while he slept, the fairy appeared before him, with silvery hair, silvery dress, and a silvery halo around her head. The dream took the pain of remembrance out of the soul of the youth, so that he thought no more of his mother as dead, but fancied her alive before him.

"Behold," she said, "if thou forcest a river from its bed, and in the bottom thereof thou diggest a grave, over which thou lettest back the water again, will not then the buried one be *under the ground; under the water?* When thou hast made for him a coffin of gold — that shall be the '*sun-ray*'; a second of silver — that shall be the '*moon-ray*'; a third of black iron — that shall be the '*dark night*' in which Attila shall rest. And, in order that not even he that buried him shall be able to tell where he has buried him, choose thou from among the servants of Attila the humblest slave who has loved him not, and a freeman who has loved him greatly; and, after the master is buried, let the freeman kill the slave, and then, for the love he bore him, let him kill himself."

Csāba kissed the face of his mother. It was but the air he kissed. But the fairy continued to speak:

"So doing thou shalt be victorious over the sons of Attila. To thee shall belong the choice from the heritage of the great king; but have a care when thy turn comes to make thy choice in the distribution. Look not upon the costly or the glittering. Leave these to thy brothers. Keep thou what pleaseth no one. Uzindur will seek to obtain the crown, and would hate thee shouldst thou take it away from him; but thou shalt not hate each other. Moreover, thou hast but little time for hatred. Elmanzār longs for the sword, which the living God cast down from heaven, which is placed upon the altar at the sacrifice, and which the great king himself bore in battle. Leave the sword to thy brother. Take thou that upon which no one will cast his eyes. Upon the tiger-skin mantle of Attila hangs a bow; in his belt a quiver, in which are three arrows mounted with feathers of silver. Choose thou the quiver and arrows. Let the others laugh at thee, for they know not; but know thou that these arrows are imbued with magic virtue. When my mother Orila, who was a fairy, gave them to Attila, there was in them this charm, that, if thou drawest the arrow upon the bended bow and sayest, 'Go, my arrow! my father's arrow! God's arrow! thither where now I send thee!' it will fly thither, and hit thy mark. It thou shouldst desire to shoot a star, it would fly up thither; and if thy powerful enemy were hundreds of miles away, and thou couldst not reach him, yet would it pierce his heart. Attila never made use of them. For him there existed nothing that his heart desired which his hand

could not attain. He did not need these arrows. Thou wilt need them more. But, be chary of using them; for thou canst use each one but once. Waste them not."

While the fairy was speaking, Csāba noticed, with astonishment, that her hands and feet were torn; and that, from the long narrow wounds the blood dropped like red beads down her white form.

"Mother, thou bleedest!" exclaimed he; "what hath wounded thy hands?"

"I tore them in the rose-bush, when I came from my grave."

"Thy feet bleed also. What aileth thee, mother?"

"When I glided hither through the air, I wounded them upon the tops of the high trees."

"Mother, dear mother, roses wound not so deeply, and tree-tops cut not so sharply. Who wounded thee?"

Then the fairy sank upon the bosom of her son, and clasping him in her arms, whispered: "They shot arrows into my coffin. They shot them into it, that I might not arise from it. Whenever thou awakest me those arrows hurt me. Therefore, call unto me only when in great need, since it brings such keen pain to me."

Csāba, full of grief, embraced his mother. Again it was but the air he embraced.

He had fallen asleep in a lonely meadow. When he opened his eyes, he saw the vision no longer. He only saw the leaves of the trees moving in the silvery moonshine of the quiet night, as if something passing over touched them

with its airy garments, always further, always further toward the east.

"Mother, mother, dear mother!" sighed after her the son of the king; but, in the gray light of the morning, he saw only a drop of red blood upon his white garments, where the fairy had embraced him.

III.

THE FUNERAL.

Csāba interpreted the oracle of the tāltos. First he summoned the Italian goldsmiths who could make objects of art from gold. By them he caused to be made a great coffin from solid pure gold. On the lid was the form of the dead king, of the size of life; on the two sides memorials of the hero's deeds, victorious battles, Roman rulers pouring out their ransoms from bags borne on their shoulders, the siege of Aquileja, and the sacrifices — all these expressed in beautiful embossed pictures.

The second coffin was made by the Goths, from silver, with beautiful adornments, such as they used for their temples, with many-pointed indented arches and niches. In each niche (there were twenty-two) was the coat of arms of a conquered nation, which had recognized in Attila its master. At the head of the coffin was the Hunian coat of arms — Attila's insignia — the eagle gazing upon the sun.

The third, the Avarian smiths made. They wrought the coffin of plain steel, with no adornment on the outer side except, chiseled in relief, in Hunian letters, the single word "*Attila.*" Then they wrapped the king in purple, folded around him a cloak fastened by many rich clasps, encircled

his white hair and white beard with pearls, placed diamond rings on his fingers, and wound around his waist an embroidered girdle. His sandals they nailed with nails of gold, so that he who in life never wore gold or jewels or purple garments, should at least go into his grave with kingly splendor. The dead suffered all this to be done.

When they had lain him in the golden coffin, they also placed his sword and other weapons — his signal horn, goblet, and drinking horn filled with wine — near him in the coffin; then they filled the whole with balsam, so that, after thousands and thousands of years, decay should not touch the body of the king. Then only, they soldered the lid of the coffin.

The golden coffin they put within the silver one, and filled the space between them with gold and pearls and jewels.

The vacant space in the third coffin they filled to the edge with blood. The favorite horse, the cup-filling slave, the boy-singer, they sacrificed before the bier, and with their blood filled the coffin; so that, should the great king ever leave his grave, he would find his weapons, his horse, his treasures and his attendants around him.

When the third coffin was also fastened down, the people surrounding it sent up a shout so loud that the cry sounded up to heaven like a storm, and chased away all clouds, so that the path of Attila was made free to the great chariot * in which he was to enter heaven, while his driver and

* The constellation called variously, "The Waggoner," "The Charioteer," "Charles Wain," etc.

runners were to be the princes whom his strong hand had felled. Then the gyulas piled up burning timber as high as hills, in hundreds of places around the camp, and in front of them they sacrificed a thousand white steeds, and cast their limbs into the fire; and at the call of the horns a thousand singers sang, to the sound of violins, mournful songs, glorifying the deeds of the great king, which have never been equaled, either before him or since.

In the night, when the sounds of the horns had ceased, assembled the leaders of the Avarians, the Goths, the Marcomans, and of other conquered nations, and determined to espy and plunder the grave of Attila. The heart of one yearned for the golden and silver coffins; a second longed to parade with the weapon of Attila; and a third swore that he would make a cup from the skull of Attila, in scorn of the Huns—to the wonder of the world.

Csāba heard of this plot, and early on the next day, ordered three coffins like that of Attila's to be made of iron. These he caused to be filled with stones, and when the morning dawned, he sent one coffin West, another North, and the third South, and had them buried in the bed of a river by trusty warriors, with kingly splendor. When they were gone with these three coffins toward the three sections, he had the real coffin lifted into his own chariot, and taking fifteen thousand well-tried warriors, he journeyed with it toward the East.

The Avarians, Marcomans and Goths, did indeed discover the coffins buried with great splendor, and did indeed dig them up again at night, all three of them, and cursed each

other and their deities, when they found in them nothing but stones.

Csāba, meanwhile, arrived with his little army upon a wide plain, halted there and pitched his tents. He selected two hundred of Attila's slaves, and ordered the aged, Kumār, Attila's arm-bearer, to come before him; and he gave to him the following instructions:

"Go, my friend, with these slaves, and take the king's coffin with thee. Go, until thou arrivest at the bank of a river which divides in one place into two branches, and thus forms an island. Shut off one branch by a dam, so that all the water shall flow into the other branch. When thou hast dry ground, let a deep grave be dug, and in it bury Attila's coffin, and fill it up again with earth; then destroy the dam, so that the water shall flow over the grave; and he shall sleep under the ground, and under the water. When thou returnest with the slaves, have a care not to be mingled with them, for I will have them killed in the middle of the camp, in order that, besides myself and thee—who will tell it to no one—none shall know the grave of Attila."

The aged Kumār did as he was ordered. He hid the three-fold coffin of Attila in the bed of the river, and no sign remained by which the place could be known. When the slaves returned, Csāba let them go on to the middle of the camp; but there a rain of arrows was sent upon them. But a single cry was heard; there was no time for a second one. All fell at once, pierced by the sharp arrows. Not even the air could learn from them where they had buried the king!

Csāba still waited for his aged warrior, Kumār. He had not long to wait; for when his warriors interred the dead, they found also among them the aged Kumār. He had purposely mingled among the slaves, that he might die there with them, so that not one of those who had seen the grave of the great king should remain alive. Thus also had Rika willed it.

Csāba himself never learned where his father was buried! Since then many a year has passed. Attila's grave was found by no one. He is still well-buried, and may-be now hears what happens here above.

IV.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FIRST ARROW.

THE TRANSFIXING OF THE STAR.

Csāba repaired to the camp of his brothers, who, with the tāltos and the leaders, were assembled in the great vacated tent of Attila.

The two brothers of Csāba were already consuming with jealousy of each other. With the whole world for their inheritance, how was it possible that it should be shared without dissension? When, then, their brother appeared, their jealousy grew doubly intense, because Attila had loved him best, and had been wont to say that he should succeed to his realm; and so also the fairy had prophesied.

The eldest and chief of the tāltos led Csāba by the hand to the place where were the weapons of Attila, near which were standing the two other brothers, measuring each other with defiant looks, and waiting jealously to see what Csāba would choose from the treasures and arms of the father.

But Csāba felt his eyes fill with tears when he looked upon the crown and reflected, that now there existed upon earth no head worthy to wear it; and when he looked upon the sword and thought how cold and still was lying the arm which once had wielded it to the terror of worlds.

"Give to me neither the crown nor the sword," said he sorrowfully; "my brow and arm are not strong enough to bear them. Give to me the bow and the quiver of arrows of Attila. I will content me with them."

The two brothers scoffed at him:

"A child needs playthings! We grudge him not the arrows. Let him have them!"

But Csāba departed from the tent and retired into a little grove where, near a spring of water, were the graves of the buried heroes. There, sitting down upon a burial-stone, and resting his head upon his hands, he pondered what use he should make of the charmed arrows. A great thought arose in his mind. He strung the bow, and placing one of the silver-feathered arrows upon it, cried:

"Go, my dear arrow! my father's arrow! God's arrow! thither where I now send thee! Fly up till thou reachest the heavens; there seek out the star which once was Attila; and, if it be falling from the limitless heavens, strike and transfix it so that it may fall no more, but remain forever in the heavens!"

With these words, he sent the arrow from the bow. The shaft flew straight upward, swifter than the flight of a bird, higher and ever higher, until it was lost to the sight of Csāba.

But when, after the sun had set, the stars, one by one appeared, a gleaming sign was discovered in the vault of heaven—a silver arrow, whose point was fixed in a star!

"My father's arrow!" cried Csāba, pointing to the heavens, as the people were gazing with a reverential awe upon the sign—which seemed a star transfixed in falling.

For three nights the gleaming wonder was to be seen; then disappeared. But the star of Attila fell not—the charmed arrow held it fixed forever; but, whenever great battles are impending on the earth, the arrow of the father appears in the heavens, and, after a little time, vanishes again.

Learned men have named the star "The Comet;" but they know not why it is transfixed by an arrow, or whence it comes or whither it goes, or why it always appears to men before impending disaster.

V.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SECOND ARROW.

THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD.

THERE remained of the legacies of Attila, the sword and the crown. Elmanzār made choice of the sword, Uzindur chose the crown; but each afterward repented that he had not taken both. "Ah! what a pity to divide such beautiful domains," thought they. "Why should we part the Hunian people? Let us determine which one shall have all." Then said one of the brothers to the other:

"Let us place ourselves in the plain—with me, those who love me—with thee, those who love thee. Then let us fight for the empire of the world until but one of us remains; and let him who survives rule all."

With this both Uzindur and Elmanzār were pleased; but Csāba, the youngest, lamented over it, and besought them not to shed fraternal blood; but rather, starting back to back, to depart one in one direction, one in another. But they would not hear to him.

And so all the people of the Huns descended into the plains of the Danube, where they separated themselves into two immense encampments, which stood each over against the other.

Only a few — scarcely fifteen thousand — went, with Csāba for their leader, upon a neighboring height, to watch from there the impending conflict.

All of the Slave nations of the East adhered to Elmanzār; those of the west to Uzindur; but the names of none of them have been preserved. Among these people was a crafty prince, of the name of Alarich. When the sons of Attila summoned the people to choose with whom to stand, and proposed that whoever should be conquered should be subject to the conqueror, this foreign prince assembled all the rulers who had been conquered vassals of Attila, and conspired with them that, in the battle, all foreigners should take care not to slay each other; but, when Elmanzār's Eastern Goths should be in contest with Uzindur's army, that they, by the combined attack of their united forces, should overthrow the Huns, under both Uzindur and Elmanzār; so that, while the Goths and Marcomans should be reserving their strength, the Huns would be weakening theirs; and that, after the two brothers had wearied of slaughtering their own, the foreigners might, with their fresh unwearied forces, fall upon and destroy both.

It was well devised and well executed. The two armies advanced toward each other, although no good omen favored the beginning of battle, for, while they were still standing quietly opposite each other, there came from the forest a limping wild boar, with nine young ones, and ran limping and grunting through the ranks of both armies.

"This is no good omen!" said the bards. And again, when they were advancing to the attack, there arose such

a whirlwind between the two armies, that neither could see the other, because of the sand with which it filled their eyes.

"Onward!" cried the two royal brothers, defying the wind and the heavens, dashing into the roaring storm, and hewing their way, as it were, with their swords.

Around Uzindur's shoulders hung a purple mantle, while Elmanzār had flung about him a spotted panther skin. But the whirlwind was not to be defied. It whirled and whirled ten, twenty times about the spot; hurled the brothers right and left; snatched the standards from the grasp of their bearers, and, when at last it passed howling away, they beheld in its cloudy front, Uzindur's purple mantle and the panther skin of Elmanzār, which fluttered for a while, to and fro, and then, rent to tatters, flew away. The Hunian bowmen shot their arrows into the storm, shouting wildly:

"Take that to thy son, thou soul of a dog!"*

With this, the opposing forces dashed upon each other. The storm passed roaring away. In a moment its noise was drowned by the clang of maces or shields, the deadly crash of the battle-axes, the whirr of the arrows, the ringing of meeting blades, and the clashing of the ponderous long swords of the Goths.

Let the sun not look upon it! Let the earth stay not to see it! Brothers slaying brothers in mad fury! Hunian weapons dulling with slaughter of Huns! Combatants prostrate on the earth, but still battering, gashing each other with knives, or throttling each other with their hands!

Like two lions thirsting for blood, Elmanzār and Uzindur

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* A Hungarian expression, combining contempt and defiance.

sought each the other in the fray. Uzindur was to be distinguished by a ten-pointed crown, which, as the sun touched it, sent forth brilliant rays in as many directions from its ten diamond tips. Elmanzār was to be recognized by his long, straight sword—the sword which the God of War had cast down from heaven, and whose every blow meant "death!"

The battle had continued from morn till midday. Each of the princely brothers had coursed through the whole line of his opponent, so that each was standing on the side opposite his own; but each now occupied, with his forces, but one-half the space they had covered in the morning. Only now did the sons of Attila perceive that none except Huns had taken part in the battle, while the Goths, the Alānās, and all the other foreign forces had gradually retired from the field; and, while the Huns had been exhausting and weakening themselves and each other, had rested, and had now formed a compact line, and surrounded the combatants.

"Contend not with your brethren! Slay them not! heroes of Hunia!" cried both of the brothers at once to the intermingled armies, dashing desperately into the thickest of the fight, to separate the combatants; but it was *too late!* The standards of the foreign armies were already fluttering on the surrounding heights, and the Huns numbered but half of their force of the morning. Where the dead lay thickest there the two brothers met. All the day, with bloody swords in hand, they had sought each other; at last they had come together, only to embrace and take leave of each other.

"We have destroyed the race of the Huns!" cried Uzindur, rushing into the arms of his brother.

"And but three days have passed since the death of Attila!" mourned Elmanzār.

Already the battle-calls of the foreign armies had been sounded, and now was heard the proud voice of Alarich, in boastful challenge:

"The hour has come for the armies of Gog and Magog to disappear from the earth! Bow thy heads to thy king, *Death!*"

"Not so, slave!" cried Elmanzār, raising his terrible head and throwing back his blood-drenched curls. "God has sent *me* against *thee;* not *thee* against *me!* *Thou* art the *sin;* *I* am the *punishment!* Knowest thou not the flaming of this sword? Return thou, Uzindur, to the left. I will to the right! Plunge into the thickest of the fight! But thou, Csāba, upon the height! haste thou away from here! Betake thee home, over the seven mountains, through the seven forests,* and bear tidings to the fathers that none have driven the Huns from hence; for here have they suffered themselves to be buried!"

Csāba, on the height, heard the call of his brother, but he did not obey his command; for, when he saw the peril of the Huns, he placed his little army of fifteen thousand in battle array, and, although he beheld a hundred thousand falling below, he plunged desperately into the rear of the attacking Marcomans, hewing for himself a bloody pathway to the armies of his brothers, shouting constantly—"To Elamanzār! To Uzindur!"

The further he advanced the more foes pressed upon him,

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* Transylvania.

until, from the multitude of spears and standards which surrounded him, he could no longer recognize the banners of the Huns; and, at length, the three brothers became so widely separated that they could no longer discover each other's positions, and were borne hither and thither by the tide of battle.

The ranks of all the Hunian armies had been broken up in the confusion of the fray. Each would gladly have left the field; but neither knew whither to turn for an outlet, for on every side fresh enemies confronted them. Their enemies, also, would willingly have retired; but everywhere they encountered detachments of the Huns. And so the slaughter went on as long as one could slay another.

The conflict was ended only by the moonless night, which covered with its dark veil the living and the dead. Each army remained lying where it had been overtaken by the shadows of the night, while the groans of the wounded and dying were drowned by the sounds of the horns with which each sought to recall their scattered warriors.

Csāba, the leader, also caused signals to be sounded until after midnight; but, of his brave little army, there returned only about five thousand. The other ten thousand lay dead or dying on the blood-drenched battle-field.

Csāba wept. They had all been chosen heroes, the best of the Hunian race, who had loved him as a dear brother; and now they lay pale on the earth, in their hands their gleaming spears, under their heads their gallant steeds.

The kingly son of Attila mourned sadly over the death of so many valiant men, until a thought came to him, and, seizing his bow, he placed an arrow upon it, and cried:

"Fly, my arrow! my father's arrow! God's arrow! Seek that good herb by which every wound is healed, and every life restored! Find for me that herb upon the meadow!" and the shaft sped hissing on its way, and flew long until, suddenly, it fell among the grass.

Csāba followed the arrow; beneath the grass he found it, and lo! it had pierced a field-flower, with broad spreading petals, which gave out a perfume like incense, and from which flowed a bluish milk-like fluid, from the place where the arrow had pierced it.

The kingly son at once commanded the tāltos to seek such flowers, and, whenever they should find one, to gather it and press from it the bluish milk-like fluid. When this had been done, Csāba took the cup in which the fluid had been gathered, and, with it, went to the field of death. He sought out his warriors, one by one, and, dipping his finger into the magic balm, he touched their gaping wounds with it, and lo! wherever he passed, behind him the dead arose, put on their helmets, buckled on their armors over their wounds, and placed themselves in order of battle; but all in deep silence; and when, at dawn, Csāba looked back, he saw behind him a pale army in battle array, with pallid faces all turned toward him, and their unmoving eyes all fixed on him! In front of each troupe stood a standard-bearer holding in his outstretched hand a banner, which the wind, although it blew strongly, moved not, nor did it stir the plumes or garments of the warriors.

Already, in the early morn, the horns of the assailants were sounding, and the interrupted work was resumed.

The wild, half-naked forms, who had slept upon their horses, and the gleaming armor-clad warriors, rushed forward and clashed together.

Three times had Elmanzār broken through the lines of his encompassing foes, with a few thousand of his followers, and three times had returned again to rescue those who had been left behind, or to avenge those who had fallen; but, on the third return, he was accompanied by only twenty-four chosen heroes. He only fought now that he might die, and, plunging into the thickest throng of his enemies, he slew their leader in the midst of his followers, and tore the stolen standard of the Goths from its staff. His followers fell, one by one, around him. He, only, could not die, although he coursed up and down the field with uncovered head and without shield. Mighty and valiant warriors threw themselves in his path, but they all fell beneath his sword, which cleft down through helmet and armor. Him no one could slay, although he fought now single and alone. He staggered over the whole lost battle-field; and still he was, like a raging animal, the terror of all the hordes, and they made way for him, so that in no way could he meet his death.

At length he remembered that in his hand was the sword of the God of War, which permitted not that he should be slain, although he wished to die. He thrust the blade into the ground to the hilt, and, casting off his royal insignia, and with only his battle-axe circling round his head, rushed once more into the thickest of the fight. From afar an arrow pierced his heart. He fell! The storming crowds passed over him. It was never known where he had fallen!

Now only Uzindur, surrounded by his people, fought still against all the enemies of the Huns.

And now, from all sides, a last onset was made. On came Goths and Alānās and all others who could move, gorged to the throat with blood; when suddenly, during the hottest of the strife, a new army noiselessly mingled in the battle — *the warriors of* CSĀBA!

Leaving behind him five thousand men, to guard the women and children in his camp, Csāba, at the head of his resurrected warriors, set forth for the field of battle, brandishing in his hand the seven-pointed war-club, which cleaved all armors, and at every blow made seven wounds.

Silently, the pale warriors followed him.

Not a sword rattled in its scabbard, and they who remained in the camp noted, with astonishment, that the hoofs of the steeds seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and that the army moved on without a sound.

"Upon them, ye resurrected heroes!" shouted Csāba, as they neared the battle. The silent warriors spurred their steeds and flew after him like the wind. The ranks of the enemy trembled at the sight of this army, with brandished swords advancing. Many a victor of the yesterday recognized among the comers one whom he himself had once slain, but who, with wounds agape, had swung himself upon his steed, and now came dashing on, with sword in hand. Nor spear nor sword availed against them! They felt not the wounds received! The sharp iron hurt them not! The arrows remained fixed in their bodies, and they did not even pull them out, but fought on!

The victorious Alarich, beholding from afar the panic of his army, led, singly, his exultant hordes against the new assailants. When he perceived Csāba, he galloped towards him; when suddenly his course was arrested by a gigantic figure. It was the hero Tusa, who on the day before had been slain by the arrow of a Goth, and the feather of the shaft could still be seen protruding from his pierced breast!

Alarich smote down upon him with his long sword. The hero evaded not the stroke, and the blade passed through the whole body, from crown to foot; and yet Alarich saw that no blood came from the wound, and that the face gave no sign of pain!

The terrible warrior now returned the blow. Alarich warded the stroke, but the instant his blade met that of his adversary, his arm fell powerless at his side, as if struck by lightning, and his sword flew from his grasp, circling far over the heads of the Alānās.

"Onward!" criēd Csāba. "Onward, ye resurrected warriors! Upon them, Criemhildt! Upon them, ye Niebelungen heroes! Here is your field of battle! Hither! Hither!"

All fled!

To the east, to the west, to the north — wherever fright led them — friends and foes, conquerors and conquered, all their ardor chilled, fled the field! The bravest hero was appalled at the sight of the forms of those advancing warriors whom no sword could slay, from whom no spear or arrow could draw blood; who moved on speechlessly, passionlessly, mechanically; whose foot-falls made no sound; whose brandished blades flamed in their hands, but made no clashing; before them riding

two wondrous figures, the one the leader Csāba, without shield or helmet; in his hand the seven-pointed war-club, which, descending, is like seven falling stars. Him no one could wound, whether the foe assailed him from the right or the left or the front. Always between them and Csāba, they saw a white, mist-like form of a woman, who waved aside the arrows and weapons which were raised against him. The second figure was the hero Tusa, with an arrow through his heart, his body covered with gaping wounds, mounted upon a steed which had been shorn of a leg by the sword of a Goth, but which still sped onward so swiftly that the wind could not overtake it.

All had disappeared! Uzindur toward the south; the Goths and Slave tribes, with their noisy camp, to the north and west. Upon the battle-field remained only the dead — the dead upon the ground and the dead upon their steeds — and Csāba.

Not one of the heroes was missing; but hands and feet and other parts were wanting, of which the battle had shorn them while living. Their duty done, they ranged themselves in order before their commander, as if for inspection. The youthful leader rode along the line. Here and there he recognized a well-known comrade, and gave him his hand; but *how cold was that hand-clasp!*

"My beloved heroes!" spoke the leader to his dead army, "listen to my words." They stood motionless, and thereby *seemed* to listen. "Ye came at my call from your eternal rest, that ye might fight for the Hunian race a hero's fight. For this give thanks to the Everliving, the Eternal One!"

At these words the ghostly warriors raised their eyes to heaven, and their lips opened as to a mighty shout—as if they were uttering a great cry of jubilation; yet no sound came from them! but, a long time after their lips had closed, from on high there came a sound as if heaven had given back a phantom echo of a shout. . . . .

"Ye beloved heroes, who came back from death for the sake of the people of Hunia! I promise ye, as a reward, that I will lead ye to that land from whence our fathers came, and where now our grandfather Bendegūz still rules. Thither I will lead ye, through flood and field, and there I will bury ye, singly, as good and true heroes deserve, in sacred soil, on the shores of holy waters, under consecrated trees."

Upon this, once more the heroes raised their eyes to heaven, and twice opened their lips for the ghostly shout, which again re-echoed from heaven. . . . .

—"And, always, when peril to the Hunian race is impending, ye will know and will arouse me—who sometime shall lie with ye, with my sword at my hand and my steed at my feet—and then will we again, even though thousands of years shall have passed, storm—though heaven and earth oppose—and battle again for the Huns!"

At these words the pale warriors raised their swords and beat upon their shields with their war-clubs, and thrice opened their lips for the ghostly shout. After a time there came back from heaven a mighty sound, as if hundreds of thousands of swords were clashing threateningly, and a thrice repeated shout, like the roaring of thunder, resounded through the air:

"*Hail, immortal heroes!!*!"

VI.

THE WHITE EAGLE.

THE RESTING PLACE OF THE HUNS.

In Csāba's camp there remained but five thousand men, with the women and children. How rejoiced were they when they saw, afar, Csāba returning with all his army. Youths, and women, and children, ran to meet and welcome them, with wreaths and banners and happy smiles.

But when the Huns hastened to embrace the warriors of Csāba, how horrified were they to behold the pale forms approach, speaking not, answering not, returning not the embrace of mother, wife, sister or child — only gazing at them with stony eyes; and their bodies were so cold! And the aged Tusa riding on his leg-maimed steed, from which their horses shrank away, trembling and snorting with fright!

The women took their returning loved ones with them to their homes, placed them before their fires, gave to them food and drink, kissed and caressed them, placed their children, prattling, on their knees — all in vain! Nor fire, nor wine, nor kiss of women, nor coaxing of children, warmed or moved them! Nor did their eyes close in sleep!

"Let us leave this place of desolation," said Csāba to his people. "Do ye whose hearts still beat in your breasts

go unto the spot where is the grave of my mother, and there make your abode. The land, as far as one from there can overlook the plain, will remain forever the heritage of the Huns. We others will return to our ancestors, and bury each other there."

Weeping the living, silently the dead set out upon their way.

The dead surrounded the living, and when this remnant of the Hunian people departed, the heroes riding with them seemed as if shrouded in a mist, and their faces, and their armors and weapons, were of a ghastly blue, and they were not like beings of earth, but like those of another world, whose forms cast no shadow, whose feet left no prints as they glided over the ground, and whose voices were felt, rather than heard!

When Csāba awoke on the following morning, there sat upon the top of the banner-staff before his tent a *white eagle*, with great wings drooping on either side, gazing with its great black eyes at those who passed; and those who saw it, fancied that they had looked upon those eyes and met their dark, mysterious gaze before. . . .

When the leader came forth from his tent, the eagle spread its glistening wings, bristled its plumage, and flew from its perch, uttering thrice a cry, in a human-like voice, which seemed to say to the people:

"Follow me!"

The eagle flew toward the east. The people followed its flight. When they became weary it alighted, and when at night they encamped for rest, it took again its station before the tent of the leader. In the morning it resumed its flight,

leading the remnant of the Hunian people through the forests, over the barren plains, and across the broad waters.

Enemies, who had learned of the overthrow of the Huns, everywhere opposed the flying band of Csāba, seeking to exterminate the little handful of people; but only the noise and clamor of their coming reached the Hunian people; for before the pale army which surrounded them, the assailants fell like the grass when it is mown. To the people came only a sound, like the roaring of distant thunder; and when they advanced, they found only a bloody field of battle and bodies of the slain.

At length, beyond the fertile plains — the realm of the Fata Morgana — rose lofty mountains with immense forests and roaring rivers; and there was lost the trace of the last of the people of Attila.

The mountains and forests hid them. Ever on, further and further, they penetrated into the wild valleys, into uninhabited countries, where Echo first learned the human voice from their lips!

Seven days they followed, through the wilderness, the flight of the white eagle. On the seventh day, the sacred bird alighted upon the summit of a lofty mountain, and the Huns dismounted from their horses: for this mountain rose near the grave of Rika, and this spot was the home, according to her prophecy, allotted forever to the people of Attila. Here the white eagle stayed its flight and appeared no more; signifying that here the Huns were to abide for evermore.

VII.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LAST ARROW.

THE MISSION OF VENGEANCE.

SOMETIME after Csāba had settled his people at the foot of the Rika mountain, there came thither a worn and tattered warrior, with battered shield and hacked sword, and body torn by thorns and bruised by blows.

"Who art thou? whither camest thou?" demanded the Huns.

"I am the last of the warriors of Uzindur," answered he. "We escaped, with the leader, beyond the Ister. The Emperor of the Greeks received us well, but at evening drugged our wine, and in the night the Greeks slew all of our slumbering warriors. I alone, by hiding among the dead bodies, escaped."

"And what of Uzindur?" asked Csāba, with horror-stricken heart.

"They slew also thy brother, answered the warrior, and they exhibited his head in the Hippodrome, to the gaze of the multitude. The Emperor of the Greeks sits upon a throne before which it lies, and his feet rest on the head of Uzindur!"

Csāba heaved a deep sigh, but spoke not; and, ascending to the battlements of his castle, mounted one of its heavy stone towers, and there, taking the *last* of the three

arrows of Attila, placed it upon the bow, and, drawing it to the head, spoke the invocation:

"Fly, my arrow! my father's arrow! God's arrow! Find the heart of the Emperor of the Greeks, who sits upon his throne and rests his feet on the brow of Uzindur!" and then with fury he sent his arrow, which flew roaring away and away; and whosoever heard the wind of the roaring, shuddered to the heart.

Upon his lofty throne in the Hippodrome, in Stamboul, sat the Emperor of the Greeks. He was arrayed in his gold-embroidered robe, fastened with diamond clasps, resting his gold-and-gem-decked feet upon a fair head whose beautiful light curls fell about the purple cushion upon which it was placed.

"Behold! ye people," spoke he, raising himself upon his royal staff, "*this* is the head of the son of that *Attila* who once towered over us all, but who is now under my feet! Let the offspring of the barbarian tremble!" And, with these words, he spurned the head from him, so that it rolled down the steps of the throne, down among the feet of the servants and the skirts of the women.

At this instant an arrow cleft the air! The Emperor clasped his hand to his breast. He had not time to utter even a word before he fell headlong down the steps of his throne. The crown flew from his head, and his soul fled still further from his forever-closed lips. . . . .

It was CSĀBA'S *last arrow—the third of the arrows of Attila!*

THE MAN WHO SLEW HIMSELF

AT

THE SIGHT OF THE SPIRIT OF HIS WIFE

THE MAN WHO SLEW HIMSELF

AT THE

SIGHT OF THE SPIRIT OF HIS WIFE.

THE GUILTY CANNOT EASILY ESCAPE.

[FROM THE CHINESE.]

A YOUNG WIDOW was left by her husband, at his death, a large amount of property, and she lived, with a maidservant only, in a spacious and magnificent house in the principal street of a large town near Canton, but on the opposite side of the river.

She was beautiful and fascinating, and desired to live happily. She was not afraid of any one, and although it was contrary to the custom of her country, which forbids a woman speaking to a man (her own father excepted), she conversed freely with all men, whenever she wished to do so.

There came to her house, one day, a traveling merchant, bearing on his shoulder a bamboo stick, from each end of which depended boxes of goods fastened by a string. She detained him, saying that she wished to buy, and, whenever

he passed that way to sell fancy articles to young ladies, she stopped him at her door and bought from him; but her reason for stopping him was really to talk and flirt with him.

At last she invited him to her house to dine with her, and they soon fell in love with each other. She loved him very dearly, and accordingly the ceremony of marriage was performed, and all their friends were invited to their wedding.

For a time after they lived very happily; but in a few months Ah Lok, the husband, announced his intention of going into business in Canton. He promised to return to her three times in each month, and he asked her for all her property, as his own capital was not sufficient for the establishing of a large store. This he said was all the same as if she held it, as he would take care of it for her.

Moifa, his wife, of course, believed him; for what woman does not believe in her husband? She was confident that he would make good use of her money, and that all would be right; so she gave it to him, that he might put it into his business in Canton.

As soon as Ah Lok learned that his wife was ready to give her money to him, he began making preparations for leaving; and he wept, pretending that his heart was broken because he was to leave her; and of course Moifa wept also; but she did every thing for his comfort and prosperity, and he took from her all that they had enjoyed together.

One morning he started for Canton, and at his going both lamented bitterly; but the woman only, truly loved and mourned, and Ah Lok's weeping was but pretense, for in his heart he

was never so happy before — all because of the great fortune given him by his wife.

When he left, he promised to return in ten days; but she waited ten days after ten days — for one year — for two years — and not one word from him or of him did she hear. When she began to believe that she had been cheated, and had deceived herself, her heart burned like fire and broke into pieces, and she soon fell sick. Then her life was one of bitterness, and she could not better herself; and rather than live with the broken heart, she committed suicide.

Moifa left her faithful maidservant to take charge of the great dreary house; but she had lived so long with her mistress, and was so lonely with no one to care for her, that she too killed herself, and the splendid house was left vacant. The funeral ceremonies of both were very largely attended by friends, and were very grand.

The funerals were no sooner over than there were heard mysterious sounds in the house, as if produced by spirits, to which noises all the passers-by stopped and listened. It was as if a loud voice cried:

"LOCK — LOCK — LOCK! BON — BON!"

And there were other strange sounds not to be described.

For many months the citizens were excited by these manfestations, and at last they advertised on the door of the house:

"*Whoever dare remain in this house for one night shall receive one hundred thousand cash* for his courage!*"

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* One thousand cash make one dollar.

A very poor young man, called Ah Se, about twenty years of age, saw this offer, and was at once anxious to know who made it. When he ascertained, he went to the man and said:

"How are you? I am come to inquire about the advertisement you have posted on the door of the house in Kwong-fung-kai street. Will you really give me one hundred thousand cash if I will go into the house and remain one night?"

"Oh, yes!" said the man; "but you are to stay in the house the whole night through, and entirely alone."

"I will do it," said Ah Se.

"Then do it to-night," commanded the man.

"Very well!"

So it was settled that that very evening he should go to the haunted house.

Ah Se bought some candles, some incense, and some paper money, and at night went into the house — the man and others watching him closely, to see how he fared.

At first all was silent; but after a half hour — while he was burning his incense and his candles and the paper money — he was suddenly alarmed by a very loud noise, which came from up stairs. It seemed to him that the roof was tumbling down.

Then from every part of the house came loud and fearful sounds, and Ah Se, half frightened to death, did not know what to do, and did not dare move his body. He wrapped himself tightly in a sheet, and considered what was best — whether to leave the house, or remain and have an interview

with the spirit. Between these two questions he deliberated the whole evening; but he finally thought, "If I leave the house, I lose the one hundred thousand cash; and I do not think the ghost will kill me, if I stay." And he decided to remain.

At last he determined to speak to the spirit whose voice he constantly heard, and he cried out loudly:

"If thou art a man, thou shouldst not make such noises; but if thou art a spirit, I beg thee to stop, so as not to distress me. Why art thou so angry, and why makest thou so much noise? If some one has wronged thee, and thou hast been deceived, transform thyself into a person, and come and tell me about it, and I will do the best in my power for thee."

As soon as he had thus expressed himself, a woman's head showed itself to Ah Se's eyes, and, immediately after, he heard steps very distinctly; and in a moment her whole figure, elegantly attired, was visible to him, and she approached him as would a living person.

Ah Se spoke to her kindly, and said: "Why dost thou suffer, and why art thou so angry?"

"I am suffering both because of a broken heart and the loss of my property."

"Who was the man," asked Ah Se, "that so wickedly broke thy heart, and what man murdered thee? Or did one man both murder thee and take from thee thy money?"

"No, I was murdered by no man; but my heart was broken and my property lost — taken from me by the man who married me. A few months after the marriage he left me, and never came back, and I could not live in my mis-

ery, so I committed suicide, so that I might revenge myself upon him in the spirit. But," she added, bitterly, "I cannot go to him, for he is in a city separated from this by a wide river, which I cannot cross; for you must know that spirits cannot cross streams of water without help."

"Very well! And what can I do for thee, madam?" demanded Ah Se politely.

"If you will be so very good as to assist me, I will make you rich and happy all your life. Just do me one little favor, and I shall be able," said the spirit, "to repay that wicked man for all that he did to me."

Ah Se answered:

"I shall be very happy to do all thou askest of me, if it is in my power. What wilt thou require of me?"

"If you are willing, I wish you to-morrow to get an umbrella, and go to the bank of the river Sei-ho, and cross to the city of Canton in a boat, and when you make your first step into the boat, open the umbrella, and keep it open until you land on the opposite shore, and then close it. That is all I ask of you, and by doing this, you will render me a great service, and I will make you happy, and one of the richest men in Canton."

This she said gravely, but she was glad that she had met a man who would do her this favor. Ah Se then said:

"But how can'st thou make me happy and rich — I, a poor rag-picker! — how can I become so suddenly one of the richest men in Canton?"

This he asked in astonishment, but feeling very cheerful about it; and while he wondered how it could all be, she said:

"If you do for me what I ask, you must never afterwards sell that umbrella; for my spirit will be with it and you, wherever you may go. When you go to gamble you must always take it along with you, no matter what the day may be."

"But what shall I do with it when I take it with me?" he asked.

"When you go to the gaming-table, watch the umbrella, and play only when it moves. It will slightly jump up at the lucky number, and will so guide you that you will always win."

There are many gaming-places in China. Day and night men gamble, and often a man loses all his property in a single hour, and sometimes one wins whole streets of dwelling-houses or stores. The stakes comprise a great variety—bonds, mortgages, deeds, etc., and occasionally, though rarely, a man's own wife.

After this interview she disappeared, he again promising her that he would do for her what she had asked. Then all noises ceased, and he slept happily, dreaming that he was to be the richest man in Canton; while those watching outside thought, because of the cessation of the dreadful sounds, and the quiet of Ah Se, that he had been killed by the spirit, and they said to each other, as they left the house, "The hundred thousand cash is still safe."

But in the morning, at four o'clock, they came again, to make sure of his death, and, while they waited in the yard, they heard slight sounds, but quite unlike the dreadful noises they had formerly heard.

The poor young man was so happy in the promises of the spirit that he arose early, dressed himself, and hastened to perform the task set for him, quite forgetting the one hundred thousand cash offered in the advertisement. He started in great haste from the door, astonishing those in waiting, who stopped him to inquire what he had seen in the night. This he refused to tell them, hurrying along to the umbrella shop, where he paid two hundred cash for an umbrella.

He hastened to the river, hired a boat, and did precisely as she had told him to do. When he reached the opposite shore, he closed his umbrella, and the spirit was landed there.

At that very moment, a man who had a store on —— street, in Canton, who lived in the enjoyment of every luxury, heard a fearful voice, which seemed to come from the ceiling; and instantly seizing a knife, he killed himself. There was great excitement in the store and among the company assembled, and search was made for the murderer of Ah Lok. At last, they discovered the spirit of his former wife standing over the dead body. Then they believed that he was not a good man, and they buried him quietly without funeral ceremony.

After all this, the great house of the dead Moifa was perfectly quiet, and people again lived in it.

Ah Se, the poor rag-picker, had begun to make large sums of money daily.

One day he went into a gambling-house, carrying with him the umbrella and only one cash. The men thought him a fool to bring with him an umbrella on such a bright day, and the weather so cold, and they all laughed at him and said:

"Oh, look at the fool with an umbrella on such a day as this!" And the whole house was amused, and shouted with laughter; but Ah Se said little, knowing well that if he explained to them why he carried his umbrella, they would take it from him; but he remarked:

"I know it will rain to-day, and that is why I carry it. Hm-ha! you will not laugh when the rain falls; you will be sorry then that you laughed at me." So at last they stopped their derision, and began again their occupation of gambling.

Ah Se watched carefully the movement of his umbrella, and, as it jumped at the numbers which would win, he knew how to play, so that he gained many thousands in one day, and never lost a single cash. He dared not gamble every day, lest they should discover his secret and get from him his umbrella; so he went occasionally, each time gaining several thousands — so that in two years he was wealthy, and in five years the richest and the happiest man in Canton.

The guilty cannot easily escape.

THE HERDSBOY

THE HERDSBOY.

[FROM THE SWEDISH OF UPLAND.]

THERE WAS ONCE a poor herdsboy, as often may be found, and he had neither kith nor kin in the world beside his step-mother. This step-mother was a bad woman, and did not give him anything, either to put on him or in him; so that the poor boy suffered much hardship. The whole of God's long day he must wander about with cattle; yet she never gave him so much as one created thing more than a piece of bread, morning and evening!

One beautiful day the step-mother went away without leaving out any food for him. The poor herdsboy was forced to drive the cattle off to the wood fasting, and, as he was very hungry, he wept bitterly. But, when noon came, he wiped away his tears, and went up on a green hill where he was accustomed to rest when the sun burned hot in the summer. On the hill it was usually so fresh and dewy beneath the foliage of the trees; but now the dew was off, the ground dry, and the grass trampled down. This seemed strange to the herdsboy, who stood wondering how it could be, and who could have tramped down the green grass.

In the same moment he observed something sparkling in the sun. Yes, the boy hastened forward to examine, and found a pair of little shoes of the very whitest glass. The sight filled him with a sweet content; he forgot his hunger, and played the whole day with those little glass shoes.

At evening, when the sun sank behind the wood, the herdsboy called his cattle together and drove to the village. When he had gone part of the way, he was met by a little boy, who greeted him kindly:

"Good evening."

"Good evening in return," said the herdsboy.

The little one asked: "Hast thou found my shoes which I lost this morning in the green grass?"

"Yes, I have done so," replied the herdsboy, "but, dear thou,* let me keep thy tiny shoes. I have thought of giving them to my step-mother; and then, perhaps, I will get some food when I go home."

But the little one begged so sweetly and gently: "If thou wilt return me my shoes, I will serve thee at another time," that the herdsboy gave back the little glass shoes. The little one took them in great delight, nodded familiarly, and ran on his way. Then again the herdsboy *hummed*† together his cattle and drove toward home. When he came into the yard it was already dark, and his step-mother scolded him because he reached home so late.

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* KARA DU!—literally, "dear thou." Used in Swedish as an expression of affectionate impatience; the "thou" making the expression tender which would otherwise signify displeasure.

† "HUMMED" is the closest translation of the half singing sound with which the Swedish herdsman often calls together his herds.

"There stands some gruel in the pot," she said; "eat quickly and get thee to bed, so that early to-morrow thou canst be up like other people."

Yes, the poor boy did not dare to answer to her hard words, but stole away to the hay-loft where he used to sleep; and the whole night he dreamed of nothing else but the little boy and his bright shoes. Early in the morning, before the sun shone in the east, the little boy was awakened by his step-mother shouting:

"Up with thee, lazy fellow! It is clear day, and the creatures ought not to stand starving for thy sake."

He arose at once, took his piece of bread, and drove the cattle to pasture. When he arrived at the green hill that always had been so cool and shady, it seemed to him strange that again the dew was shaken from the grass, and the ground dry — even more so than on the previous day.

Just as he sat thus in deep thought, he happened to see something lying in the grass and glittering in the sun.

Yes, the boy ran there at once to see, and found a dainty little cap, of a beautiful red color, and with tiny little golden bells hanging from the brim all around it. This pleased him extremely, so that he forgot his hunger, and played with the cap for the whole day. In the evening, when the sun went down into the wood, the herdsboy called his cattle together and prepared to return to the village. As he came from the pasture into the road, there came to meet him a very handsome little girl, who saluted him kindly:

"Good evening."

"Good evening to thyself," said the herdsboy.

The little girl then asked: "Hast thou found my cap which I lost this morning in the green grass?"

"Yes, that I have done," said the boy, "but, dear thou, let me keep this little cap. I have resolved to give it to my cruel step-mother, that perhaps I may have a little food when I get home."

"Ah, do give me back my little cap," entreated the small maiden, very sweetly, "and another time I will serve thee."

The herdsboy then gave her back the little bell-hung cap, and the little girl, in gladness, nodded kindly and ran her way; while the boy, bringing his cattle together again, hurried home. When he came into the yard it was already dark, and his step-mother had long been waiting for him. She was therefore very angry with him, and said:

"Always wilt thou come so late, that I must sit up half the night and milk! There is some gruel in the pot; eat, and get thee quickly to bed, so that to-morrow, early, thou canst rise as other people have to do."

The poor boy dared not make any reply to her hard words, but ate, and then crept upon the hay-loft where he was used to sleep; and all this night he dreamed of the little maiden and her red cap. Early in the morning, before day-break, the boy was wakened by his step-mother with the usual cry:

"Get up, thou lazy fellow!—the creatures shall not stand hungry for thy sake."

Yes, the boy at once rose and made ready to drive the cattle; but, before going, he begged his step-mother for a piece of bread.

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"Bread!" said the hard-hearted woman—"such a good-for-nothing fellow as thou art!—No bread!"

So the poor boy was obliged to start off wholly fasting, which was very hard for him. When he passed through the green woods, and sat down on the hill where he had been used to rest during the summer heat, he was again puzzled to see that the ground was drier than on the preceding day, and that the grass was trampled down in great circles.

All at once it flashed through his mind that he had heard of the little elves, and that they tread in the dance during the summer nights, in the dewy grass; and that this must be an elf-ring made by the elfin dance.

As he was sitting in deep thought, his foot struck against a little *pingla** that lay in the grass, and the little *pingla* tinkled so beautifully that all the cows ran together and stood listening. Again the little boy was gladdened and contented, and he played with the *pingla* until he forgot all his sorrows, just as the cows forgot the pasture. Thus the day passed far quicker than he had hoped. As night grew on and the sun was even with the tree-tops, the boy called his cattle together and prepared to return.

But hum and call as much as he might, the cattle would not stir from the pasture, but fed in a green and very fertile spot. Then the boy thought to himself, "perhaps they will better heed the little *pingla*;" and so he drew forth the little *pingla* and jingled it as he walked toward the road, and presently the bell-cow came running after him, and the whole herd followed her.

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* "PINGLA," the Swedish word for tiny bell, or jingle.

The herdsboy was delighted, as he saw of what use the little *pingla* would be to him. The next moment, as he walked along, a little gray-beard met him and saluted him in a friendly voice:

"Good evening."

"Good evening to thyself," said the boy.

"Hast thou found my pingla, which I lost this morning in the green grass?" asked the tiny man.

"Yes, that I have," said the herdsboy.

"Give it back to me," said the small old man.

"No," said the boy, "I am not so stupid either. The day before yesterday I found two small glass shoes, and a little boy coaxed them from me; yesterday I found a cap that I gave to a little maiden; and now you come to take away the little *pingla*, which is so nice to call the cows with. Others who find something receive reward, but I do never get anything."

The little gray-beard now coaxed and entreated with gentlest words to win back his *pingla*, but it was of no use. At last he said:

"If thou wilt give me back my *pingla*, I will give thee another with which to call thy cattle, and besides that, thou mayest wish three wishes."

Yes, that seemed to the boy a good bargain, and as he gave back the *pingla* to the little old man, he said:

"As thou allowest me to wish whatever I please, I will wish for, first, to become a king; then do I wish to have a great castle; and then it is my wish to win a beautiful, beautiful queen."

"Ah yes," said the gray-beard, "thou dost indeed have no small wishes! But remember well what I tell thee. This night, while all are asleep, thou shalt leave thy home, and travel until thou arrivest at a castle situated directly to the north. Here I give thee a pipe of bone. When thou comest in great danger, blow in it. If thou a second time art in danger, blow in it again. But if thou the third time comest in very great danger, break the pipe in pieces, and I will help thee, as I have promised."

The boy thanked the gray-beard for his favors, and so the Elf-King left him; and the herdsboy turned homeward, happy in the thought of soon escaping from driving the herds for his unkind step-mother. When he reached home it was again already dark, and his step-mother had long been waiting for his coming. She was in consequence very angry, and the poor boy received blows instead of food.

"Ah! this will not last so very long," he said, comforting himself as he crept upon the hay-loft. He lay down to rest, and soon slept for a while. But at midnight, long before the roosters crow, he arose quietly and crept secretly from the yard and began his journey directly northward according to the direction of the Elf-King.

Thus did he wander, without stopping to rest, over hills, and valleys; and twice did the sun arise, and twice did the sun go down, while still he was on the road. On the third day, toward night, he arrived at a king's castle, which was so large that he had never imagined anything like it. Yes, the herdsboy went to the kitchen and asked for a situation.

"What can you do?" asked the chief cook.

"I can drive herds," said the boy.

"Oh!" said the cook, "that is what the king needs just now, most of all. But I expect it will be with you the same as with the others—that you will every day miss some animal from the herd."

"No," said the boy. "I have never yet lost a beast from my herds."

Then he was accepted in the service of that great castle, and drove the king's herds; but the wolf never took an animal from him, and he was well liked among the king's servants. One evening, while the young herdsman was driving his cattle to the village, he saw a beautiful young maiden standing in the castle window, listening to his songs. Yes, the boy pretended he did not see her, although he grew very warm under his jacket. Thus the days went by, and every time the young herdsman drove his cattle beneath the window, as he sang, the young maiden stood there listening; but he had as yet no idea that she was the king's daughter. It happened one day that the young maiden came out to him while he was driving the cattle to pasture, and she had with her a little snow-white lamb, and she begged him sweetly, that he should take care of this little lamb against the wolves in the woods.

Yes, this agitated the herdsman so pleasantly that he could not speak, even to make answer: but he took the little lamb with him, and thereafter found his greatest delight in taking care of it; and the little lamb would follow and frolic around him, as the dog around his master.

From that day the herdsman often saw the king's young

daughter, because, when in the mornings he was singing forth his cattle. she was used to stand in her window and listen to the sounds he made; and in the evenings when he came home from the wood, the princess came down to pet her little lamb, and speak some gentle words to the herdsman.

As time passed, the young herdsman grew in strength and in manly beauty; and the king's daughter grew as the rose, and became the loveliest maiden to be found near or far; and still she went every evening to caress her little lamb, as was her custom.

But one pleasant day the princess was missing; she had vanished — no one knew how or where — and she could not be found. Then there was great sorrow and excitement, as every one loved this fair princess; but the king and queen mourned the deepest. The king sent out an edict over all the land — that whoever would save his daughter should have her for his wife, and half his kingdom with her.

Then came princes and youths and warriors from east and west, and clothed themselves with weapons and armor, and went forth in company, to seek for the stolen princess. But few returned from that journey; and those who came back had neither heard nor discovered anything concerning the princess. Over this the king and queen grieved bitterly, and felt that they had suffered a loss that could never be repaired.

And the herdsman, while driving the herds to the wood, was as sorrowful as they, because the beautiful lost princess was constantly in his mind.

One night it seemed to the herdsman, in his sleep, as if the little gray-beard Elf-King stood in front of his bed and said:

"Northward! northward, you will find your queen!"

Then the young herdsman was glad, and leaping in his sleep, awoke, and behold! there stood the little man yet in the same place, nodding "northward! northward!"

But he instantly vanished, so that the herdsman was not certain if it was really the Elf-King or a dream. When dawn became light, the youth went up to the castle-hall and requested audience with the king. All the king's servants wondered at this, and the chief cook said:

"You have now been driving the cattle for so many years that you can get better fare and higher wages without going direct to the king for it."

But the herdsman persisted in his demand, and let them see that something else than they thought was in his mind. When he was admitted to the king, the king asked what he wished.

"Well," said the herdsman, "I have served thee faithfully for many years, and now I ask thy permission to go forth and search for the princess." This made the king angry.

"How can you, a herdsman!" said he, "hope to do what no prince or warrior has been able to accomplish?"

"I shall find the princess, or die!" bravely answered the herdsman.

This answer pleased the king. He thought of the old proverb: "The heart of a king is often found under a peasant's jacket." So he gave orders that the herdsman should be equipped in the most perfect manner, with goods and a charger, and whatever else he needed. But the young man said:

"These goods and this charger are not suited to me. Give me only thy good word and permission, and a little food for my journey." This being done, he set out, and the king wished him success; but all the courtiers and servants laughed at his fool-hardy enterprise.

The herdsman went northward, as the Elf-King had counseled him; and went so far, that it could not be much farther to the end of the world. When he had thus traveled over mountains and wild paths, he finally reached a great sea. In the midst of it was a green isle, and on the isle a large castle, far more imposing than that from which the herdsman came. He went down to the shore and looked over at the castle, and, as he was looking so intently, he saw a maiden with beautiful yellow hair standing in the window waving to him with a silk ribbon, such as the little lamb of the princess used to wear.

Then the young herdsman's heart bounded in his breast, because he felt that it must be the princess who was beckoning. Then he sat down to think how he should get across the wide water to the castle; but he could think of no way. At last it occurred to him that he could test the promises of the little elves; and he at once drew forth the bone-pipe and blew a long-continued tone.

"Good evening," quickly said a little voice behind him.

"Good evening to thyself," said the young man, turning around.

There before him stood the little boy in the glass shoes he had once found in the green grass!

"What dost thou wish of me?" said the boy, kindly.

"I wish thee to take me over this sea to yonder castle," replied the herdsman.

"Yes?" said the child. "Sit then upon my back;" and instantly he changed his shape to that of an immense hawk cutting through the air. The herdsman sat on the hawk's back, which flew without stopping till they reached the island.

The herdsman went up to the castle hall and asked for a situation.

"What can you do?" asked the kitchen-master.

"I can go and drive cattle," replied the herdsman.

"Oh," said the kitchen-master, "the giant just now wants exactly such help, but perhaps it will be with you as it has been with the rest; for if you lose one beast from the herd you forfeit your life."

The herdsman thought this a hard condition, but agreed to accept it. Then the kitchen-master welcomed him, and said he could begin service the next day.

Accordingly, the young herdsman began driving the giant's cattle, and singing his songs, and ringing the little *pingla;* and the princess sat in the window, listening, and made him signs that he should not betray himself.

At night, when the herdsman came singing back towards home from the wood, the giant approached him and growled fiercely:

"You are in the place of the missing beast!"

But none were missing, in spite of the giant's counting. Then the giant became amiable and said:

"This is good! You shall be my herdsman always." With these words he went to the coast, unmoored his enchanted

ship, and sailed around the island thrice, as was his habit every night.

While the giant was away the king's daughter stood in the window and sang:

"This night, this night, thou Herdsman dear,
My star shall cloudless shine.
Com'st thou for me, thine will I be,
My crown will then be thine."

Then the herdsman understood that he was to come that night and free the princess, and he went away without attracting attention.

When it grew late and all slept in the deepest sleep, he quietly returned to the tower, and standing beneath her window sang:

"Thy herdsman awaits thee, this night, this night!
In sorrow he stands 'neath thy window bright.
If thou wilt come down, despite castle walls,
Thou shalt be mine, while the night-shadow falls."

The princess whispered:

"I am bound by links of gold. Come and break them."

Then the herdsman knew not what to do; but, drawing his bone-pipe, he blew a long-continued tone.

"Good evening!" quickly said a voice behind him.

"Good evening to thyself," said the herdsman, turning.

There before him stood the little elf-maiden, wearing her red golden-belled cap that he once found in the green grass!

"What dost thou wish of me?" said the little girl sweetly.

"Well," said the herdsman, "I wish thee to take the princess and me far hence."

"Then follow me," said the little maiden.

They went up in the tower to the princess's chamber. The castle door opened of itself, and, as the elf-maiden touched the golden chain, it fell apart. Then all three went out and down to the coast; and the elf-maiden sang:

"Little perch in the vase swiftly gliding,
Come quickly to my cap-bells' ring.
On thy back will a princess go riding,
And with her, a powerful king!"

At the same moment that she sang these words she leaped into the sea, and became as a little fish playing about in the water.

"Seat yourselves on my back," said she; "but the princess must not be afraid, whatever may happen; as in that case I will lose my power."

"Yes," said the herdsman and the princess; and they swam off, and the fish went rapidly through the waves. But as these events were passing, the giant awoke in his high room, and, looking out from the window, he perceived where the herdsman and the young princess were cleaving the water. At once he assumed the shape of an eagle, and flew after them.

But when the fish heard the noise of the eagle's wings, it dived deep beneath the water. The princess was frightened and screamed loudly, and the little elf-maiden's power was lost; so that at last the giant caught both the fugitives in his eagle claws.

When he returned to his castle, he cast the herdsman in a dark cavern at least a hundred feet below the earth's sur-

face, while the princess sat in her room, and was watched closely, that she might not escape.

The poor herdsman, lying in the bottom of the tower-dungeon, was restless and unhappy because he could not save the king's daughter, and had at the same time forfeited his own life. But suddenly he recollected how the little Elf-King had said to him, "If a third time thou comest into great danger, break the little pipe, and I will help thee."

As the herdsman felt very sure that, as things now were, he should never more see the light of day, he took out the little pipe and broke it in pieces.

"Good evening." He heard the soft voice behind him.

"Good evening to thyself," cried the herdsman, looking eagerly around.

The Elf-King stood before him, and asked:

"What dost thou need, that thou callest for me?"

"Well," said the herdsman, "I wish to save the princess, and return her to her father."

Immediately the Elf-King led him, and they went through many locked doors and many beautiful rooms, until they finally reached a large hall, full of all kinds of weapons — swords, spears, axes — and some of them shining like pure steel, and some like pure gold. The Elf-King went up to the fire-place and said:

"Clothe thyself."

Yes, the herdsman did so, and the Elf-King then burned the herdsman's old clothes; after which he went to a large iron trunk and drew forth a suit of armor, glistening like the finest gold.

"Arm thyself!" said he.

The herdsman obeyed; and when he was clothed in full armor from head to foot, the Elf-King hung a sharp sword at his side.

"It is destined that the giant shall fall by this sword," said the Elf-King, "and on this armor no steel can bite."

Then they returned to the tower-dungeon, but the herdsman felt as light of heart as a bird, and thanked the Elf-King with great joy for the kind assistance he had given; and thus they separated from each other.

When day began to dawn, there was a great sound as of gay ceremonies going on through the whole castle; for the giant was about to celebrate his marriage with the king's stolen daughter, and had invited his friends to the marriage feast.

Yes, the princess was clothed most gorgeously with golden crown and red rings, and other precious ornaments, which the giant's mother had formerly worn; yet all the time did the giant's bride incessantly weep, and her tears were hot as the searing flame.

But she wept most bitterly as night drew near, for then the giant would conduct her to the bridal chamber, and then also would he kill the poor herdsman, lying in the tower-dungeon.

The giant sent his courtiers to fetch the herdsman.

Lo! as they came down into the dungeon, the prisoner was not there! but in his stead, a brave warrior, with sword and corslet and complete armor.

This sight so terrified the giant's messengers that they fled. The herdsman followed them, and entered the castle yard where the bridal throng was gathered to witness his death.

When the giant saw the strong warrior, he was enraged, and exclaimed:

"Fie! thou evil sorcerer!" and, as he spoke, his eyes were so sharp they saw straight through the golden armor. But the herdsman was not afraid.

"Here must thou fight with me for this beautiful bride," he said, and drew his sword that flamed like fire.

Then the giant was afraid, and grew pale as ashes are; but the young herdsman went courageously forward, swinging his sword; and with one powerful blow he severed the giant's head from the body, and this quite put an end to the giant.

Everybody will understand that the giant's guests were frightened, and fled in every direction; but the princess came forward and thanked the brave herdsman for saving her life.

Together they hastened down to the shore, unmoored the giant's enchanted ship, and sailed from the island. When they came home to the king's castle, there was great rejoicing, as the king had received back his only daughter, for whom he had so long been sadly mourning.

A grand marriage was prepared, and the herdsman received the lovely princess for his bride. They lived very happily for many, many years, and saw both children and grandchildren; and the little *pingla* and the broken bone-pipe are preserved as a remembrance in the castle, to this day.

LOMNACHTAN AND THE FENIANS OF EIRE

LOMNACHTAN, AND THE FENIANS OF EIRE.*

AN IRISH LEGEND OF THE YEAR 71.

ON a certain day the gigantic Fionn McCumhail, together with the flower and nobility of the Fenian forces of Ireland, visited the commodious harbor of Limerick; and the cause which moved them to make the expedition was this: — On the previous night, Fionn McCumhail had a vision that there would come to land there a sea-serpent, which would swallow the greater part of the city of Limerick in its gluttonous throat.

After this vision, Fionn awoke from his sleep, and after meditating upon its meaning, came to the conclusion that it might be that some foreign adventurers, evilly disposed, were about to land there and inflict injury upon the inhabitants. Therefore he resolved to visit the harbor, and place it and the city in a defensive condition. He accordingly did so; and having convened the nobility ot Munster and Limerick, a body was delegated to hold a council, the result of which was that

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* This story is from an old Irish MS., and was translated by P. J. O'Daly, of the Philo-Celtic Society of Boston, for Wonder-World.

nine of the Fenian nobles were appointed to keep watch at the harbor for a fortnight, who were to be relieved at the end of that time by nine others; and so on for a twelvemonth, or until the matter of the vision should be forgotten.

The following were the first nine champions who were selected to watch and protect the harbor and city of Limerick, namely: The vehement Goll McMorna; Garfuid McMorna of the strong hair; Osgar of noble deeds, the son of Oisin; Diarmuid O'Duinne of the white teeth and bright countenance; Glas McAoncharda of Bearra; the manly Faolaun McFinn; Liagaun, the nimble-footed of Luachair Dheaghaidh; Art, the younger, son of Morna; and the impairer and confounder of every company, Conan Maol McMorna.

Fionn McCumhail and the Fenians bade farewell to this body of brave warriors. After the parting, Goll and his men marched to the harbor, and were not long there when they observed a vessel under full sail coming toward the coast, and which entered the harbor without delay.

The spectators, expecting to see a great host disembark, were struck with surprise when only one man emerged from the vessel — and he the most ugly and horrible individual of the whole human race. His body was supported by two legs, which were as long as the mast of a ship, and as slender and bony as those of a hart. It was most surprising that these legs, which were so slim and weak-looking, could by any possibility support his huge body. His flat feet, appended to these slender shanks of his, were as large as the mouth of a four-oared boat. His bony bare-eared head was as large as a good-sized hillock; and the neck which supported this

head, and formed the connecting link between it and the body, was as slender as that of a very old stag.

After landing, he directed his steps toward the harbor guards; and although they were not far distant, it took him some time to reach them. When he stood before them, he first saluted Goll and Osgar, and then the other defenders of the harbor. Goll returned the salutation, at the same time demanding of the stranger who he was, whether of the noble or ignoble blood of the world, what his name was, and what the object of his mission to the country.

"For," said he, "your form is most detestable, and is unknown to us."

"It is not to do evil to thee, kingly soldier, that I am come to this country," said the stranger; "it is only for your benefit and that of the men of Eire. The object of my mission to this country is to disclose to thee that there is not upon the face of the globe a people for whom I entertain greater affection than for the Fenian forces of Eire, and especially for you and your father's children. For the reason that I was the bearer of thy grandfather's shield and sword during the long term of sixty-one years, and for as many more years was similarly employed in thy father's service; that they bestowed on me gold and wealth and riches of all kinds; that I and my wife are now old and approaching life's goal; and that I have no family save one daughter, who is the handsomest in the whole world. It is my desire that you should, in a body, accompany me to my home, which is not very far from this harbor, and there take possession of all the gold and riches that I possess,

and take them with you, together with my daughter, for whom you will find a suitable husband in the ranks of the Fenians. You can give her a portion and have gold *galore* for yourselves after; for there is enough to content you all. There is not a prince or king on the earth whom I cannot satisfy, so far as wealth is concerned, and the mansion which I own is the most beautiful in the world. It is situated on an island in the sea; and there is no king or lord to wield sway there — only I, my wife and daughter. How it came to pass that the island came into my possession was thus: At the time when thy father and the Fenian armies with him, were assuming sway of the world and bringing the four quarters of the earth under subjection and tribute to the men of Eire, it happened that upon returning from a certain expedition, having conquered and exacted tribute from the greater part of the known world, we sailed to this island upon which I now am, and there we delayed for some time. We were so pleased with the mild air of the place and the salubrity of its climate, that at a council of the sages, called by thy father, it was agreed that I should be left in charge of the island, and that the jewels and wealth brought from foreign countries should also be left in my custody, until you, who were then only three years old, should be of age. I took charge as agreed, and they set sail for Eire, and, soon after landing, a contention arose among the nobility of Connaught regarding the sovereignty of that country, which was kept up for some time, and which engaged the attention of the leading Fenians so much that all remembrance of the island vanished from their memories. Thus the island has been ever

since uninhabited by any except me, my wife and my daughter."

Diarmuid O'Duinne interrogated the stranger thus:

"Is that the form which you then had? If so, I am surprised that the wealth or riches of an island, or even a field, should have been left in the charge of a man who is, apparently, unable to wield arms or weapons of any kind in his own defence; and I would not counsel giving credence to your statements."

"That is not just, O kingly champion," said the stranger, "for I was not left alone on the island; there were left with me nine times nine of the men of Eire, each well supplied with defensive arms, and I myself was young, able, well-looking, and of personal valor and prowess; but, unfortunately, no individual of the nine times nine men had a wife, and therefore coveted mine. So they formed a plot to put me to death.

"This foul deed was to be done in such a manner that no suspicion, which might cause enmity toward them, should be aroused in the mind of my wife. The plan adopted was to make a drink of herbs mixed with poison, and place it in my drinking goblet at my bedside. This was done, and I, as was my custom on going to bed, drank from the goblet. My wife, happening on that night to be thirsty, also drank from it. The result was that we lost all sense, our strength departed, and we lay in a deathlike swoon until morning, when I found myself with this form that I now have, and my wife in a like condition. And there was not to be found in the world a medicine or balsam that could avail

to restore us to our original shapes. We were for a very long time after in great suffering. Such was the cause of my deformity."

Conan then expressed himself, saying, "There is a likelihood in your story; it has the stamp of truth on the face of it, and I, for my part, give it credence, and will go into your vessel now; and if I find food therein, I'll partake thereof, and care not whether good or evil come of it."

Then Conan, grasping his shield, two spears and a sword, started forth, and springing lightly on until he reached the vessel, entered it.

It was splendid to behold, for it contained a great number of brilliant jewels, and, what was still more welcome to him, all sorts of good things to eat and to drink.

Conan seated himself at a table, and began eating and drinking heartily; and, when he had satisfied himself, went on deck and called to Goll, Osgar, Diarmuid and the rest of the champions to come on board. Diarmuid tried to dissuade them from going, but to no purpose.

So they all went on board, and were amazed at the riches that were exposed to their view in the vessel, and at the varieties of food and of drink to which the stranger invited them; and, after they had been satisfied therewith, Diarmuid addressed the stranger, saying:

"Notwithstanding your friendly treatment in thus entertaining us, you have not yet told to us your name, nor to what tribe or country you belong."

"Lomnachtan of Teneriffe Mountain is my name, and I belong to the beautiful continent of Africa," said the stranger.

"Few are our friends in those countries," said Diarmuid, "for often have we brought destruction upon them with our arms, and often have we demolished their forts and homesteads with fire and sword; and it seems to me a strange thing that one from those lands should come to us with any friendly purpose."

Lomnachtan swore by the sun, moon and stars — by seas and by lands — that Diarmuid's assertion of the deeds of the Fenian forces was true. Then they spread their sails, and for three days and three nights ploughed the rough and briny waves of the ocean with their enemy, Lomnachtan of Teneriffe Mountain, for their pilot.

At the end of that time they discovered land, and found the shelter of a beautiful island, upon which was an elegant mansion of regal appearance. All landed, except Conan, who remained behind, helping himself to the rich viands and delicious drinks, with which he did not wish to part; and the other eight champions went with Lomnachtan to the mansion; and upon entering found it such a beautiful edifice, with its spacious apartments, its large windows, its smooth parti-colored walls, and every thing within so pleasing to the eye, that the weary, the feeble and the sick would be rested, revived and relieved by even inspecting its wonders.

They found also therein a shriveled, shrunken-veined, bony hag — the ugliest human being in the world. The teeth in her wide mouth resembled sharp-edged tiles, and more unsightly than the hairs of the mane of a horse were her hideous eyebrows; and she was uttering the most frightful yells — frightful enough to strike terror into the heart of any warrior or

champion who should come within hearing thereof. But with her they found, also, a modest, gentle and youthful maiden, with the most beautiful form and features ever had by any human being in the world.

There was never created a man — no matter how cold of heart he might be — who, looking upon her beautiful form, her golden locks, her neck, white as the lily or the snow of the valley, would not have been smitten with love of her, as she sat there on a chair of gold, set with many carbuncles of most brilliant hue. She was the beauty of the world! — the daughter of Illan of Teneriffe, as will appear from what follows.

Then spoke Lomnachtan, saying:

"Be seated, Fenians of Eire. You are kindly welcome. Do not fear or abhor this woman; for she is my wife, of whom I have already told you."

The Fenians cheerfully seated themselves, and Lomnachtan ordered the queenly maiden to serve drink to the noble champions of Eire. She obeyed tardily, for it seemed to her a woeful pity that such a body of well-armed, gallant warriors should be destroyed without a battle. She was compelled, notwithstanding, to bring forward the drink in a goblet of precious stones. She handed it first to Goll, who drank from it, and it seemed to him as delicious as any thing he had ever tasted. Osgar, and after him Diarmuid, and then all the other champions, in turn as they sat, drank. No sooner had the last man taken his draught than their spears and other weapons dropped from their hold, their strength failed, and all physical power passed from them,

and a fearful sweating of blood came upon them all; so that these heroes, into whom no opposing host had ever struck terror or fear, were brought to such a pass that neither friend nor foe who had ever seen them could have known them, they were so much changed in condition.

The treacherous being, the hideous monster, Lomnachtan, then arose and mockingly asked how felt the Fenians of Eire, and how were they pleased with the condition in which they found themselves?

"Great is my hatred and wrath toward you," he said; "for it was Goll McMorna who slew my father and my two brothers; and it was Osgar, the son of Oisin, who slew the brother of my father, Crom of the Rock. It was Diarmuid O'Duinne who slew the father and the brother of the king of this island of Sorcery. Not these alone. Great has been the injury, destruction and slaughter done by the Fenians of Eire, at all and many times, on this land. And now I intend to take revenge for those deeds of the past, and I will yet beguile Fionn and the rest of the Fenians as I have beguiled you; for I have been in the service of the powers of the infernal regions since my seventh year. From them I have learned magic craft. Powerful I am, by my diabolic art, beyond all mortal men, and your heads would have been sundered from your bodies where you were, only that the king of this land wished to make festival on the occasion of his triumph over the Fenians of Eire. And this is what is to be done to you: Your heads are to be chopped off and placed on the ends of long white poles, and your bodies cut into atoms and given to the dogs of the country and to your own hounds to feast upon."

"By my hand!" cried Goll, "never have we fed our dogs on human flesh."

The two hounds of each of the champions were howling and wailing about them there; but the two hounds of Fionn McCumhail were in the vessel with Conan, who had borrowed them from Fionn when starting for the harbor of Limerick.

In the meantime Conan, who had fallen asleep in the vessel after his feasting, awoke toward the close of the day, and finding his companions all gone, at once started off for the mansion, which he could see from the vessel, expecting to find his friends there. As he came near the door, Diarmuid called to him in a feeble voice:

"Conan, come no nearer! This mansion is accursed and bewitched. We must part forever from you and the Fenians. Fly as swiftly as you can. Tarry not to combat with the deformed monster who is here—for no sword, nor spear, nor axe, can harm his body—but haste with tidings of our fate to Eire!"

Upon hearing these words of Diarmuid, Conan gave utterance to loud sounds of lamentation and grief, and bounded fiercely toward the treacherous wretch, to strangle or crush him; but Lomnachtan, although his neck and legs were so slender, and his head and feet so unwieldy, was so tough and invulnerable, that when Conan made a stroke or thrust at him with sword or spear, the weapons glanced from his body as from a rock. He caught Conan by the middle and cast him to the ground, who, falling, vented a great groan of pain, and the eight champions uttered a feeble wail of lamentation at his downfall. But Fionn McCumhail's favorite hound—the

noble, unconquered Bran — seeing Conan thus overpowered, made a spring at the monster and caught him by the right ear, and tore and worried thereat until his fangs pierced the head even to the brain. This forced him to loose his hold of Conan to struggle with the hound. Lomnachtan was invulnerable to man or beast in every part save that one spot whereon the hound had seized. Bran possessed magical qualities beyond all other hounds. No man or hound, among all the Fenians, although they knew it not, were the equals of Conan and Bran.

Conan sprang to his feet as soon as he was at liberty, and grasping the spear of Diarmuid O'Duinne, which never failed to leave an envenomed wound, and catching the hound by the chain upon its neck, drew him off from his hold, and thrust the poisonous spear through Lomnachtan's brain, and left him lifeless. Seeing this the deformed hag, Lomnachtan's wife, became furious with rage, flew at Conan, and with her venomous nails tore the scalp from his head, leaving a blood-covered skull bare to the ears. Thereupon, the second hound of Fionn — Sgeolaun — sprang at the hag, and seizing her by the upper lip and nose, tore down through head and throat to her heart, so that she fell dead upon the body of her husband.

The maiden who had passed about the destroying drink then sprang to the side of Diarmuid O'Duinne for protection, crying:

"Brave champion and never-conquered hero, stay the hand of Conan McMorna from slaying me in the fury of his passion! Although I was the cause of bringing you to the pass you are in, yet, if I am slain, you will have no chance of

relief from your present condition; but if I am spared, I will do all I can to aid you."

"May the world's wants be mine, if all the men and women in the world shall be able to protect you from my vengeance!" cried Conan, clutching his spear and making ready to thrust it through her heart.

"Nay, Conan," said Diarmuid, "slay not the maiden who has come under my protection. Remember it was I who freed you from Breen Caerhain, when you were fast bound to the earth; therefore it more becomes you to do all in your power to free me, than to bring destruction upon me and all your friends here."

"Well," said Conan, "let her disclose to me at once how I can help you out of your miserable plight, or, by the gods of the elements, I swear I will cleave her in twain and give her flesh to the dogs to devour!"

"I will disclose it to you," cried the maiden. "The king of this island is in another mansion, not far distant, with a great host of the people of the island, awaiting the hour appointed to see you all beheaded. I am the king's daughter, and foster-child to Lomnachtan. It was their desire to overcome the *Fianna Eirion* with magic and devilish arts, and put them to death in the manner you see. The king possesses a healing goblet, made of precious stones, from which he drinks, and there is no magic ailment which it will not cure. Let me go to the palace of the king, and I will place the sun, moon and stars in pledge to you for my faithfulness in my mission, and for my return to you, with or without the goblet. This goblet is not intrusted to any living being except to the queen

and to me; and I hope that, if I go to the king's palace, I may be able to bring it to you; for without it all help is far from you."

"We counsel your going," said Goll, Osgar and Diarmuid. And so it was. The maiden departed, and tarried not until she reached the mansion of sorcery, where was her father, the king. He received her kindly, and asked her concerning the Fenians whom she had left. She told him that they were powerless, and that Lomnachtan was expecting to beguile Fionn and the rest of the nobles of the Fenians of Eire in the same manner, and that it was his purpose to destroy the whole body of them. The king exclaimed that he held his life not short, now that he had Goll, Osgar and Diarmuid in his power; and so saying, he quaffed a toast to his daughter from the healing goblet, and bade her return to Lomnachtan and tell him that he and the nobles of his people would, without fail, be with him early on the morrow, to behead Goll, Osgar and Diarmuid.

The maiden, at the first opportunity, took the goblet and secretly left the mansion, and delayed not until she reached the Fenians; and when she had come to them, she asked of Conan which of them he desired to relieve first.

"Although there be four brothers of us," said Conan, "Diarmuid O'Duinne is most dear to me, because he has been most liberal in giving me food and drink; therefore, relieve him first."

Thereupon she handed the goblet to Diarmuid, and as soon as he had drank from it he became as strong and as well as ever. He shouted with joy, and kissed the maiden three

times in succession. Then Goll, Osgar and the others drank from the goblet, and their vigor returned to them, and they joyously congratulated each other upon their deliverance.

"Diarmuid," said Conan, "come and get the maiden to direct our way to the palace of the king who rules this island, so that I may slay him, and destroy his host and burn their dwellings, in revenge for the harm that I have suffered; and so, also, that we may bring away with us plenty of food and drink."

"Alas! woe is me!" exclaimed the maiden, "it is an unhappy purpose that has possessed you, Conan; for this small body, facing the great host in my father's court, will be as powerless as a bare hand against a serpent, or as a vessel to sail through a forest, or as a man swimming against a cataract. There are in that court lords and princes of great power, and many are the magic arts of which their Druids are masters. It is best for you to follow my counsel and go home to Eire in the vessel which brought you hither, while you are safe; and I will go with you; for if I should stay I should be cut into atoms and burned to ashes. We will take with us to Eire riches and jewels and plenty of food and of drink. This will be far better than to stay here and meet an overpowering host of adversaries."

Conan swore roundly that he had never news so pleasing as that so many of his enemies were gathered in one place that he could wreak vengeance upon them all at once.

"And there is nothing which tempts me more," said he, "than the choice viands and drinks which they have there; and if Diarmuid will go with me this night, I will so tor-

ture them that it shall be forever after a satisfaction for the ill they have done to us."

"Never have I denied you such favor, nor have I ever refused combat, Conan; nor will I now," said Diarmuid, "for it was you who relieved us from our distress."

Diarmuid thereupon arrayed himself for battle with the "red spear" which Thorlv, the son of Starn, wielded in foreign wars, and with which he performed such wonderful deeds of valor, and from wound of which no mortal being was ever healed; the carved and convex shield, on which were fifty carbuncles, the refulgent rays from which lighted the champion's way in the darkest night, and made it as light as at noonday. On his left side he girded his stout, sharp and broad-bladed sword, and set off swiftly toward the king and his forces.

The maiden attempted to stay them, but with no avail; for Conan swore by the red flags of the gods, by the kingdom of the world, he would not stay his hand from avenging the evil that had been inflicted on him; and as he departed gave charge to Goll and the others thus:

"If either or both of us fall in this adventure, let none of you depart from this island until he has avenged the death!"

The two champions, Conan and Diarmuid, stopped not until they came to the mansion of sorcery, where were the king and his host; and as they drew near to it, they saw through a casement the king, with the princes and nobles of Africa around him, seated at the feasting board, and heard them rejoicing that they had deluded the Fenians of Eire, and had in bondage the most noble, powerful, brave and heroic nine of the whole Fenian race.

"Conan," said Diarmuid, "hear you the vaunting of that haughty host within there?"

"Aye, I hear!" savagely muttered Conan, chafing with rage.

"'Tis best that you stay here at the door," said Diarmuid, "to guard against attacks from without, while I enter within, and give challenge to this host, and make them to know that they hold not the men of Eire in bondage."

"Not I!" sware Conan roundly; "I'll not stay behind you. Be your path broad or narrow, I'll be at your side; and, by the gods, I swear, the more there are of them to fight the better I shall like it; for if I could have my will, I'd have all my foes in one place, that I might thresh them all together."

Thereupon Diarmuid entered, Conan with him, and making a fierce assault upon the king, cast him to the ground, and commanded Conan to bind him hand and foot. Conan quickly did so, and was about to hew off his head, when he espied the table, which was loaded with rich viands, and, leaving the king, hurried thither and began to feast himself, while Diarmuid was slaying and beheading the king's guests one after another — continuing the carnage until he had slaughtered or driven to flight every man of the host; for such as fell not on the spot by the victorious arms of Diarmuid, threw themselves, wild with terror, through the casements, and fled for their lives; but the trenchant hero did not stop the slaughter there, but followed them from the mansion, like a wolf after a flock of sheep.

But, while Conan was at the table, filling himself with the choicest food, the queen, unobserved by him, entered and released the king from his bonds, so that he escaped unnoticed by Conan.

When he had quite satisfied himself at the table, Conan lifted his head and discovered that the king had disappeared. He was overcome with shame. Where Diarmuid had gone he knew not — not back to their companions, he was certain — but somewhere battling without him; and he had let the king escape! He was ready to die with shame; and cared not whether he lived or died: but he forthwith sallied from the mansion, with his sword of glittering steel, nine feet in length, in his right hand, and in his left a stout shield as large as a mill-wheel.

He had not gone far, when he encountered a young champion — one of those who had been of the host in the mansion, but who did not recognize him as a foe — who said:

"Go no further, for beyond there is a single champion who is hewing the multitude to pieces. Never have I seen so grand a man in face or form; no one escapes from his blows."

"How far hence is he?" asked Conan.

"Near to the sea," answered the other; "and although he is surrounded by a great number, it is not in their power to stay his arms from the bloody carnage."

"Where is the king?" demanded Conan.

"I met him," replied the youth, "on his way to Lomnachtan, to employ his magic power against yonder mighty hero, that he may destroy him and others of the Fenians of Eire whom he holds in bondage."

Having heard thus much, Conan dealt the youth such a mighty blow with his broad-bladed sword on the back of the neck, that the head went whizzing a distance of nine roods

from the body; and then he hastened on to relieve or give aid to Diarmuid. And the chronicler says that when Conan came near to the sea, and heard the echo of the blows given by his adversaries upon the shield of Diarmuid, he became so infuriated, that with one leap he alighted like a demon of the air in the very middle of the throng; and that every stroke which he dealt destroyed his enemies like a devouring flame, so that heads fell around him like hail-stones in a storm.

It cannot be calculated, nor will it ever be known until the judgment-day, what numbers fell by Conan's arms in that battle, until he reached the side of Diarmuid, who was then in the jaws of death from the innumerable strokes he had received; so that never in his life had he stood in greater need of help than at the moment when Conan appeared beside him.

And then Conan redoubled his strokes, making lanes of dead bodies through the thickest of the crowd; and when the multitude grew thinner, he swept through it like a hawk through a flock of smaller birds, clipping heads from bodies, as the mower's scythe clips daisies in the field. And so, in a short time, the two — Conan and Diarmuid — were masters of the field.

Conan then narrated to Diarmuid how the king had escaped, and had made his way toward Lomnachtan, and counseled that they should pursue him, lest by any means he should escape punishment.

Diarmuid assented, and they set out for the mansion of Lomnachtan, which they gained before the king, who soon after arrived, and upon entering was amazed at finding there

a body of powerful, well-armed warriors before him, and his daughter seated in their midst.

However, he asked where Lomnachtan was.

"Who are you who asks?" demanded Conan.

"I am," he replied, "the king of this island; and a body of men unknown to me have invaded my territory, and are destroying my people; and it is my desire that Lomnachtan should go with me and make use of his magic arts against them, and put them to death, with a party of the Fenians of Eire whom he holds in bondage."

"Innumerable curses on the mouth that so speaks!" exclaimed Conan. "You are now in the midst of your enemies." And thereupon he furiously grasped the king by the throat and hurled him to the ground. Whereat the comely daughter of the king screamed aloud, and begged of Goll, Osgar, Diarmuid and the other champions to be merciful to her father, and stay the wrath and fury of Conan.

Goll arose and released the king from the grasp of Conan, and seated him between himself and Osgar, and told him how Lomnachtan and his wife had been slain by Conan and the hounds, and that it was Diarmuid and Conan who had wrought the destruction of his people, and assured him that there was not a king on the face of the earth who could conquer the Fenians of Eire.

Thereat the king begged them to spare his life, and promised to pay allegiance to them, and to give his daughter in marriage to Diarmuid, if he would accept of her.

These proposals they all accepted, save Conan, who swore that, in revenge for the wrongs he had suffered,

he would, in spite of them all, make hawk's-meat of the king's body and burn his mansion to the ground. Diarmuid entreated him to be better counseled, and make peace with the king.

"It is right," he said, "forever to battle with the brave and powerful, but also to be ever merciful to the conquered and miserable."

Conan consented, upon the entreaty of Diarmuid, and peace and friendship was made between them and the king, who gave his daughter in marriage to Diarmuid, and bestowed gifts of jewels on Goll, Osgar and the others, and much treasure on Conan.

They bade farewell to the king, and embarked, with countless riches and innumerable jewels, for Eire; and nothing further is narrated of them until they reached the beautiful harbor of Limerick in the year of the age of Christ, 71. On landing they were met by ten thousand heroes of the Fenian forces — the bravest and most powerful that ever trod the earth — all prepared to set forth in search of their missing champions, whose reception, then and there, was so grand that it is without the bounds of description.

TODA THE ARCHER

AND

THE QUEEN OF THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA

TODA, THE ARCHER,

AND THE

QUEEN OF THE WORLD UNDER THE SEA.*

BIGHT IN THE HEART of the main island of Japan, surrounded by mountains and mulberry fields, lies the lovely lake of Biwa. It is sixty miles long, and as blue as the bright sky, whose mirror it is. All around, nature is beautiful; for in the neighborhood lie the sacred city of Kiōto, and the ten most beautiful views of scenery in Japan.

Of this scenery, many a Japanese book, with its crooked worm-like letters, tells; of it every child in Japan learns; and to see it, people travel from all parts of the empire.

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* This story, which is a very ancient and famous one, has been put into its present English dress, by Prof. William E. Griffis, the author of "The Mikado's Empire"—the latest and the most complete work on Japan. Besides treating of the history, mythology, manners, customs, literature, and ideas underlying Japanese art, it also contains a chapter on "Folk Lore and Fireside Stories;" and in these latter will be found a fuller description of the "Queen of the World Under the Sea," and of "Kai Riu Ō, the Dragon-monarch of the Deep." Prof. Griffis spent four years in Japan, in the educational service of the Japanese government.

Four lovely islands dot the lake's surface, like cut and polished emeralds on a rock of turquoise. From amid groves of pine-trees, temples and monasteries peep out, with their red gates and belfries. The dense foliage is whitened by vast flocks of white heron, which whirr and sail and tremble and alight continually. Skimming over the lake, or following unharmed after the farmer in the furrows, to pick up worms by day, they all assemble at night and lie asleep and quiet, like masses of snow on the grand old pine-trees of the islands. When the great temple bell of Miidera booms and quivers over the lake, they rise and soar and separate—all save the nestlings left at home with the old grannies and patriarchs of the flocks. Tame deer also roam the islands; for Japanese children are taught not to harm either bird or beast, and they obey. On the edge of the lake, at Karasaki, is the great pine-tree planted long, long ago, before Toda the archer was born, and when the oldest stork or tortoise was young.* It is not tall; but its branches are many of them seventy feet long, and it covers a space of over four hundred square feet. Its old limbs are propped up on crutches, or recline, supported on a lattice-work of bamboo like a mattress. Underneath it, you can walk knee-deep in a level heap of brown pine needles, which have fallen for centuries. Further up the lake is the Bridge of Séta, and on its western shore are the white walls and pagoda towers of the Castle of Hikoné.

The name Biwa—what does it mean, and how came it?

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*The popular belief in Japan is, that the crane and tortoise live to be a thousand years old; or, as some say, ten thousand.

A biwa is a lute, or three-stringed guitar, which Japanese ladies play. It is almost exactly like those used in Italy, by the troubadours; only the strings are struck with an ivory stick or plectrum. The biwa is wide and round at one end, long and narrow at the other; and this is the shape of the lake.

Wonderful to tell, this lake was not always where it is now. It was born in a night. Long, long ago — two thousand years or more, they say — there was a mighty earthquake during the night. People said that Kai Riu Ō, the Dragon-king of the World under the Sea, caused it. Suddenly, amid the awful rocking, the land sunk, and formed the lake. At the same time, sixty miles distant, a vast mass of earth rose up, and became the sacred mountain Fuji. This glorious cone is twelve thousand feet high, robed with forests and crowned with snow.

When the astonished people came to look at the new-born lake, they were delighted with mother earth's new-born baby.* After a while, some rowers over the lake found out its shape, and in delight called it Lake Biwa, after the guitar with which plays Benten — the earthly name of the Queen of the World under the Sea.

In this under-world, dwell Kai Riu Ō, the Dragon-king of the Deep, and his consort, the Queen. Their palace is of shells and coral, marble and gems. All the bright colors of moving life on the ocean floor — such as only the diver

* In Japanese mythology, the various mountains, rivers, islands, etc., are conceived of and called the children, born of the gods who created Japan.

ever sees — adorn its gates and walls and ceilings. The light in this under-world is like that in a glass aquarium, through which the sun is shining; and the water is to the inhabitants like the air to us — no more trouble to them, and just as pleasant. However, there are no winds or tempests, or drafts of hot or chilly air; and so people never catch cold in those regions. The King rules this water-world by a host of vassal lords. All the fishes and monsters of the deep are his servants. The dragon is his messenger to do his commands. Sometimes he is the king's courser, and, with him on his back, careers over the sea and through the air at lightning speed. The dragon holds in his claws the two crystal jewel balls which govern the ebb and flow of the tides. The dragon sends and withholds the rain, spouts out the flood, breathes out the tempest, and, with his tail, lashes the ocean waves into foam and fury.

Rarely does the Dragon-king rise above the waves into the earth-world. He comes only to endow a king's son,* or to arrange matters of importance between the sea and clouds, or to keep his dragons in order; for there are many kinds of these monsters, and sometimes they fight and quarrel dreadfully with each other. Kai Riu Ō is always known by his helmet, the crest and back of which is a living dragon, the chief of the dragons.

His Queen, however, likes to visit the earth often. When

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* At the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in the main aisle in the Japanese Section, Main Hall, there was a spirited representation in bronze, and gold and silver, of Kai Riu Ō, rising up from the deeps with a casket of jewels in his hand, to endow Ōjin, the infant son of the queen Jingu.

she comes, she assumes the form of, and dresses like, one of the ladies of the palace in the Mikado's (emperor's) court. She rides on the clouds and waves, on her favorite green dragon. Often she cultivates the earth and gathers the crops and fruit which are ripened by the showers from her watery domains. Dressed in crimson and white robes, with the two fashionable sable spots on her forehead, with long fan with silken cords of many colors, she walks the earth like one of the court beauties.

But even this mighty Queen — so powerful in her own Under-world — is only a woman on earth, and is glad to be protected by a brave *samurai* (knight). Her chief enemy is the great snake-centipede, named Ja. This is no common milleped, or "thousand legger," such as crawls over our bricks and damp places. Oh no! the Japanese Ja had a head like a dragon, eyes that blazed red like fire, horrible curling mustaches like writhing adders, horny scales like iron armor, and a long snaky body with a million legs. It was so immense that it coiled its serpentine folds seven times and a half round the mountain of Mikami. This mountain lies a little to the northeast of Lake Biwa, at its outlet to the river, which is crossed by the Bridge of Séta.

Now the Queen had built herself a summer palace under the Lake, and near by, on its land borders, she planted a garden, grain fields, and mulberry plantations, to provide food for her silk-worms. But when her crops were nearly ripe, down came the wicked centipede, and ate up all the fruit and grain, and tore up the ground. As for the laborers —

the men and women whom the Queen hired—he swallowed them all up at one gulp, and spat out their bones. Thus he scattered misery and destruction all around.

Coming one day to visit her fields, the Queen saw, with horror and dismay, the awful ruin. She began to weep bitterly, because on earth she was so helpless, and no one could destroy the awful Ja.

Now it happened that the famous warrior Toda, all in armor, with his trusty bow, was passing by. To him she applied for help, telling him her misfortunes. Toda did not know the lady; but, ever ready to help the weak, he resolved to fight Ja. He knew that a common arrow could wound, but not kill the centipede; but that a barb, well moistened with saliva, would mortally wound the monster. Human saliva was the only thing the great Ja feared.

Advancing cautiously over the bridge, bow in hand, with an arrow ready fitted to the string, Toda could see nothing, till casting his eyes upon the mountain, he saw two lurid round lights—the eyes of the centipede. It was now quite dark, and the orbs glowered on him with such frightful brilliancy that, in his excitement, he forgot to wet the steel barb of the arrow with his tongue. He shot; and the arrow struck the eye of the centipede, whose terrible groan made the mountains echo, and the earth tremble. In a moment more, the bow twanged a second time, and a twin arrow buried itself in the other eye of the monster, whose howls were now deafening. Maddened with pain, the Ja began to uncoil his folds, to rush upon Toda and destroy him. Suddenly, the archer remembered to wet his next arrow well

in his mouth. He took aim between the eyes, and let fly. The moistened barb sank deep into his forehead, and the great monster slowly stiffened out dead. In the morning, they found that his body lay coiled seven times and a half round the mountain. Toda hacked the hideous corpse to pieces, and the buzzards held a great feast over his carcase.

Now came his reward. The lady revealed herself to him as the Queen of the Under-world; thanked him, and invited him to her palace under the lake. They went together to the island of Chikubu, in the lake. The Queen clapped her hands, and Toda could see rising up through the limpid depths, a boat like a large shell. Into this they stepped, and, in a few minutes, passed down under the earth, even far below the roots of the mountains. The shell-boat stopped near the palace of the Queen.

Toda was surprised at the wonders all around him. The creatures of this sea-world, appeared to be human — like human beings — yet there seemed to be a good deal of the nature of fishes in them. It was not dark, but the light was like the sunlight when it comes through globes of water. The palace was of white coral, with decorations, in many colors, of the same materials. Gardens of sea-weeds of the rarest tints bloomed all around him, while some of the loveliest ladies of the sea-world sat chatting together on banks of sponge of all hues. Groves of marine plants were planted at intervals, while in pools in the bottom were fishes of every kind, many of which Toda had never seen. A vast archway leading off in one direction was, so Toda was

told, the tunnel or highway leading to the ocean-palace of Kai Riu Ō.

But what struck Toda with the greatest surprise, and more than the gold and jewels, music, feasting, banners and bells, and amber throne of the Queen, was the strange sort of head-dresses which these people wore. He liked to think of them as *people*, though he was sure they were fairies. Like a polite Japanese courtier, however, he asked no questions.

In the first place, their clothing was cut in the fashion of long, long ago—in the old days before the pine-tree of Karasaki was planted. It reminded him of the time when the first emperor came to Japan, and the fairies lived on the earth. As for the material, it seemed to be woven of shells and coral and amber. The edges and fringes of the robes were of mother of pearl, and the rainbow tints of nacre, and changeable silk. The Queen wore a diadem composed of amber, jade, crystal, coral, and rarest shells, with a plume of "spun-glass coral."*

But the head-dresses were the most curious of all. The pages wore bonnets of living sea-anemones, with their tentacles all twirling, with their vivid purple, orange, scarlet and blue colors. Each of the musicians had on a cuttle-fish, with its big-eyed lumpy body on his head, and the long pulpy legs, full of sucking-cups, dangling down the wearer's

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* The HYALONEMA MIRABILIS (wonderful Glass-cable Sponge) which grows only on the deep-sea bottoms; first found only in the seas of Japan, but now proved by the CHALLENGER researches to flourish in many parts of the "world under the sea." It is composed of a silicious sponge, anchored by the finest filaments of pure silex, like spun glass, arranged in concentric layers.

back. Some had flounders for skull-caps. One had a sea-horse for the crest of his helmet; another wore a conch. Toda noticed on others, sturgeon, sea-bass, stars, crawfish, lobsters, jelly-fish etc., etc. A whole fish-market could be seen made into hats and bonnets, and all alive. As for the cooks, scullions, laborers, and porters, they did not wear much clothing of any sort—but none were bare-headed. They had on caps made of clam shells, oyster shells, sea-ears, limpets, gudgeons, sardines, sculpins, shrimps, king-crabs, squids, and such baser sort of water-vermin.

Strange to say, all these head-dresses were alive; yet the cat-fish did not stick with his fins, nor the lobster snap his claws, nor the cuttle-fish suck, nor the sword-fish stab, nor the squid squirt ink on any one. They only winked and blinked and wagged tails and fins, and twirled their feelers, and yawned or gaped sometimes, but behaved each one like a well-trained monkey on its master's shoulders. The kin-giyo, or goldfish, seemed, however, to be specially anxious to show its triple lace-like tail.

As for the people, they did not think themselves or their dress curious, but they gazed politely on Toda, whose helmet, brocade dress, armor, bow and arrows, were never-failing objects of wonder. They could not talk Japanese, but only make signs that showed them well-bred in under-world etiquette, which made Toda suspect all the more that they were half fish and half fairy—their motions were so much like fins.

After dancing, with music and feasting, and shows of all kinds, Toda wished to return home. Then the Queen,

in presence of all her court, in the Hall of Red Coral, presented him with rare and curious presents — the chief of all being a massive bronze bell.

A great procession escorted the hero to that part of the under-world situated beneath Chikubu island.

First, came two fish-headed heralds bearing banners of pearl inscribed with the blazon of Kai Riu Ō. Next, two trumpeters, a gong-beater, a flute-blower, and one other with a cuttle-fish head and tsutsumi, or hand drum. Next followed Toda, with the Queen, her maid of honor, and her prime minister with his dragon-helmet on. Seven fish-headed grandees followed, preceding the great bell and the royal gifts. These included a sword, silk robes, jars of wine, casks of rice, and bags of money. Next came more banner men, and behind them a long train of lesser lords and ladies and vassals, all in robes of pink shell and crowns of fish, such as trout, tunny, stickleback, skate, hammer-heads, roach, mullet, dace, and many other sorts belonging to both fresh and salt water. On arriving at the shell-boat, Toda bade his friends *sayonara* (good bye). In a few minutes he rose out of the water at Chikubu island, where his presents were landed, and he was left all alone.

Not long alone, however; for his own servants, alarmed at his absence, had been searching for him, and rejoiced to find their master alive. They bore him and his presents, except the bell, home to Kiōto, where all welcomed the brave destroyer of the Ja.

The best part of the reward was to come. Toda knew

that he would grow old, and that he might become poor. He felt gloomy, when lo! he discovered that the casks of rice never got empty before they filled themselves again, and the jars of wine brimmed as fast as they were tapped. The silk dress never wore out, nor did its gold embroidery ever dim. The sword conquered all it touched. The money bag never became empty, but always kept fat and full. So Toda feasted his friends and lived a jolly life, to a good old age.

As for the great bronze bell, Toda gave it as a thank-offering to the temple of Miidera. There it still hangs and swings and quivers and booms. Night and morning, its mellow notes roll over the lake, and echo in the mountains, waking up at once the white herons, the farmer folks, the mulberry and tea-pickers, and the monks, to the labors of the day.

Still smiles the blue lake of Biwa to the bluer sky, though now seven little steamboats ply over its bosom, scare the snowy heron with their whistle, and blacken the white castle walls with coal smoke. Still, in autumn, the maple leaves turn red on the slope of Mikamí mountain. Still the traveler crosses the Bridge of Séta, and looks up to the heights where the eyes of the Ja once glared. Often, the little Japanese child leans over the side of the boat which his father sculls over Lake Biwa, and gazes far down into the clear depths, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Sea-queen's palaces. The descendants of Toda still live in

Japan, and are the renowned Fujiwara* family, from which have come so many of the empresses of the one hundred and twenty-three Mikados of Japan. Still in Japanese art — on fans, screens and pictures; in ivory, bronze, porcelain and lacquered work, as well as by aunts and grandmothers — is told the story of Toda, the brave archer, and how he was rewarded by the Queen of the Under-world, in the regions of Kai Riu Ō.

* Fujiwara means, "meadow of Wistaria blossoms;" the FUJI or Wistaria being indigenous to Japan.

THE SEVENTY YEARS' SLEEP OF CHONAI HAMAAGAL

THE SEVENTY YEARS' SLEEP OF CHONAI HAMAAGAL.

[FROM THE OLDEN TIME HEBREW LEGENDS AND TALES OF ABRAHAM M. TENDLAU.]

"Without old comrades, and old honored state,
'Twere better death had been my fate."

THUS RELATES RABBI JOCHANAN:*

"The pious Chonai Hamaagal had sorrowed during his whole life because it was written of the scribes: 'When the Lord shall lead back the captives of Zion, then shall we be like those who dream.'

"'How!' said he. 'Seventy years in captivity, and yet but a dream! Can one sleep seventy years?'

"One day Chonai Hamaagal was riding on his ass through the fields; he saw there a man planting a carrob tree.†

"'My friend,' said Chonai to the man, 'how long has such a tree to grow before it bears fruit?'

"'Seventy years,' answered the man.

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* Lived about the year 230 after the destruction of the Temple.

† Bearing fruit called "St. John's bread," supposed to be the food of St. John in the wilderness.

"'But, my son,' said Chonai, 'art thou so certain that thou wilt live seventy years longer to enjoy the fruit of this tree?'

"'I found the world with a carrob tree in it, planted by my father for *me*, and therefore I plant one for *my* son,' replied the man.

"Chonai alighted, sat down and ate his bread. Then sleep came to him, and he slept; but while he was thus slumbering, a rock formed about him, so that no man knew whither he had gone; and he slept seventy years.

"When at length he awoke, he saw a man shaking the carrob tree, and picking up and eating its fallen fruit.

"'Art thou the same who planted this tree?' asked Chonai.

"'Oh! no,' answered the man, 'I am his grandson.'

"'If this be true,' said Chonai to himself, 'then must I have slept seventy years.'

"He looked about him for his ass; and behold! the ass had foaled many times, and her young in their turn again multiplied, so that now a whole herd was grazing around him.

"Chonai returned to the city; and when he had reached his house, he asked of the servants of the household:

"'Is the son of Chonai Hamaagal here?'

"'His son no longer lives,' they answered, 'but his grandson dwelleth within.'

"Then he said, 'I am Chonai Hamaagal.' But they believed him not; for they thought him long dead.

"Then went he into the hall of teaching, and when he had entered therein, he heard some of the Rabbies say:

"'The case is now as clear to us as if it had been discussed in the time of Chonai Hamaagal, who, whenever he came into the hall of learning, answered fully and satisfactorily all questions that were put to him.'

"'I am Chonai Hamaagal!' again said the old man.

"But neither did the Rabbies believe him; and they refused to show him the honor which he formerly enjoyed, and of which he was still worthy.

"This bowed down the old man, even so that he asked the Lord to take him away. And soon after he died."

Thereupon Raba sayeth: "This is what the proverb signifieth—

> "'Without old comrades, and old honored state,
> 'Twere better death had been my fate.'"

NARADA'S PROPHECY

NARADA'S PROPHECY.

[FROM THE MAHABHARATA, THE NATIONAL EPOS OF THE HINDOOS.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE VERSION OF DR. C. BEYER.

"*Who ever loved, who loved not at first sight?*"

SHAKESPEARE.

"Dearest, what can part us ever?
Can either woe or joy us sever?
No! whether ill or good await me,
From thee no fate shall separate me!
Mine and thine,
Thine and mine,
Shall we, oh dearest! ever be."

RÜCKERT.

I.

THE PRESENT.

MADRAS, IN INDIA, was renowned, far and near, for its prosperity and the love of peace of its inhabitants. Over it ruled a prince whose whole endeavor was to promote the happiness of his subjects. He visited the workshops of the artisans, the studios of the artists, the cottages of the poor and the homes of the needy.

He gave his powerful aid to the striving, and his efficient protection to the oppressed. He founded schools and visited them daily, and made it his care that instruction and information should be everywhere diffused. Was it strange, then, that he needed no guard for the protection of his person; that his people loved him as a father, and that, throughout the whole country, there prevailed a grand emulation, by industry and worth to earn the commendation of this noble prince?

The king found his satisfaction in this sympathizing association with his people, and would have accounted himself as among the happiest of princes, had not a preying desire accompanied him everywhere. As he passed along the streets of his capital, and encountered the merry throngs of children, who held out their hands to him in their sweet greeting ways, this desire grew into a pain. He often gave expression to it in these words:

"Ah! would that I, too, were blessed with children!" for he was childless.

His Brahmins counseled him to make offerings of sacrifice to the in-sacrificial-fire-dwelling goddess Sawitri, for the fruition of his ardent wish; and the king, Aswapati — for that was his name — for eighteen long years made sacrifice, unmurmuring, though the sought-for blessing was not vouchsafed to him.

Upon one occasion he had offered up an especially rich sacrifice, and, lost in pious meditation and prayer, was gazing into the sacrificial flame, when, suddenly, its blaze brightened, and, in a brilliant halo of glory, the fire-goddess Sawitri appeared.

"Aswapati"—thus in a sweet voice she addressed the startled king—"thy prayers and thy sacrifices have met the approval of the gods. I have come to assure thee of my constant favor, if thou dost not deviate from the paths of virtue."

The king sank on his knees.

"Great goddess!" cried he, with tears of emotion in his eyes, "thou hast found me worthy of beholding thee, and hast assured me of thy favor; oh! permit me to repeat the prayer for the fulfillment of which, for eighteen years, I have made sacrifice. Withhold no longer from my house the blessing of children!"

The goddess extended her hand over the king's head, and responded:

"Learn, Aswapati, that Schiwa, the primal father of the world and the creator of life, has already decreed the granting of thy prayer, and has allotted to thee a daughter. I know well that thou would'st have better liked to have a son; but the all-bestowing god has his wise reasons for not giving a son to thee. Murmur not against the decree of Schiwa, but consider that not sons only, but daughters also, are blessings."

With fervent gratitude the prince raised his eyes up to the goddess, and, with folded hands, said:

"The holy writings teach us: 'Through a son a father conquers all; through a grandson gains immortality; and after, through the son of a grandson, reaches the abode of light.' But thy announcement, great goddess, is the beginning of my happiness. I give thanks for the great favor thou

hast shown to me, a mortal. My whole life shall testify the gratitude I owe to thee for thy grace. With longing I shall await the day upon which thy promise shall be fulfilled."

While Aswapati was uttering the last of these words, a soft glow diffused itself over the form of the fire-goddess; gradually it hid her from sight until, suddenly, Aswapati beheld again only the flame of the sacrifice.

Filled with indescribable joy, he hastened to his queen, to narrate to her the wonderful account of the appearance of the fire-goddess. His happiness reached its height when, after a time, a charming daughter was indeed born to him.

He held high festival in honor of the child. He gave generous gifts to the poor, and all children who had the same birthday as his daughter were remembered with costly presents. He gave to his daughter the name of Sawitri, to indicate that she was the gift of the fire-goddess.

The blue-eyed maiden grew rapidly. In a short time she surpassed, in body and mind, the companions of her age. Whoever beheld was enchanted with her loveliness and rare faculties. From every land came the friends and relatives of Aswapati, to see the wonderful child and congratulate the father.

Sawitri speedily ripened into womanhood. She was the idol of her father, and of all who were permitted to associate with her. Her hair was coal-black; her cheeks had the hue of the rose; her beautiful eyes were dark and of wonderful depth; her lips wore an innocent expression, and how lovely was her face, framed by the dark curls of her hair! It shone like the face of a goddess. And to this beauty

of the exterior was added an unaffected charm in conversation, a clearness of judgment, and an amiable manner and pleasing originality of expression. Even to the nearest circle of her surrounders she appeared a beautiful miracle of humanity — ever developing more and more wonderfully, under the care of her father, like a rich rose which flourishes among lowlier flowers, fostered by the hand of the gardener.

Many suitors, attracted by her beauty, but dismayed by her intellectual accomplishments, had stolen away in despair. From fear of rejection, none dared to sue for her hand. Thus it happened that the lovely Sawitri remained longer unmarried than, with her many charms and rare endowments, was to have been expected.

Sawitri, however, thought not of wooings. She performed her daily devotions and sacrifices regularly, and occupied herself, in the most affable manner, with the care of the household, seeking always to be near her parents, and, by her loving ministrations, to make their lives happy.

It happened, upon a time, that her father was celebrating his birthday. Sawitri had, for several months, secretly cultivated the most beautiful flowers, in order to have ready for this day an especial pleasure for the dear one. She gathered the rich clusters of flowers, and, with prayers for the preservation of her beloved father, offered a portion of them as a propitiatory sacrifice to the gods; the remaining portion she wrought into wreaths and arranged in bunches, and presented them, with fervent well-wishing, to her father as a birthday gift.

How delighted was the father with the skillfully arranged flowers! He raised his eyes from the gift to the giver, exuberant in her richly developed beauty and youthful freshness. How gladdening the look in her deep eyes, which spoke only of love and tenderness! How rejoicing to him her ingenuous manner, so markedly indicative of a pure and uncorrupted heart! How happy he was in possessing, in her, a soul kindred to his own, whose wish was for his happiness, and who shared with him his sympathizing care for his people!

Suddenly, like a dark shadow over his joy, came the thought that the dear one had so long remained unwooed.

"My daughter," said he with concern, "how gladly would I keep thee with me to the end of my days, but that I should incur the reproach of withholding thee from thy happiness! More forcibly than ever the thought comes to me to-day, that the time has arrived when I must give to thee a husband. But, as yet, no suitor has come to ask thy hand. According to the privilege of the daughters of the Hindoo kings, therefore, I give free choice to thee. Take with thee such companions and attendants as thou may'st desire, and journey until thou hast made thy choice. May'st thou choose the most worthy! Him bring thou to me, that I may wed him to thee."

Sawitri, blushing, stood awhile gazing upon the ground; then she kissed the hand of her father, and hesitatingly answered:

"I have not yet thought of my future; it should belong to thee, as my present does; but thou hast willed that I seek me a husband and — I obey."

The king made most extensive preparations for the bridal journey. He appointed Brahmins to accompany his daughter; and gave to her maids and attendants, and youthful friends for companions.

Sawitri departed in a golden chariot. In advance rode richly arrayed warriors; and numerous chariots, filled with handmaids and servants, followed.

"Hail, Sawitri!" cried all the people, as the princely train moved through the streets of the capital.

Aswapati threw a last kiss to his daughter as she sat surrounded by her companions, and in another moment the chariot had disappeared behind the trees of a neighboring grove.

Following the counsel of the wise Brahmins, Sawitri directed the course of her journey to all the groves of penitence. She visited the hermitages and retreats, and tarried at the holy bathing places. Nowhere did the man of her heart present himself. At length she encountered a youth who especially attracted her attention by his noble bearing. At sight of him she felt the blood rush to her cheeks.

The youth stopped. The appearance of Sawitri filled him with astonishment. In his admiration of such beauty he became confused, and could not speak. In silence they saluted each other. Their glances were passing questions, which asked no long replies, but were content with those that were quickly returned, and which pierced, swiftly as the lightning, to the innermost depths of their hearts.

The youth was the son of the exiled king Diumatsena, of Salwa, and was the support and protection of his father.

When Sawitri was informed of his devotion and self-sacrificing filial love, her decision was made. This youth, and no other, would she choose for a husband!

After a short sojourn, she set forth to return to her father and implore his blessing.

II.

NARADA.

While Sawitri was still upon her home journey, her father was receiving a visit from the holy prophet Narada, and they were conversing together of Sawitri when she came, with joyful face, hasting into the apartment, to kiss her father and give to him an account of her journey. Her gaze fell on Narada, and she stepped modestly back until her father should make known to her the name of the guest.

"Do not be abashed, my daughter," said he; "I have already informed our worthy guest of the object of thy journey. Relate thy experiences without reserve."

Then Sawitri took the hand of her father, and, without embarrassment, began:

"I visited all places in thy realm, accompanied always by the blessings of pious hermits and penitents. At length I came to the charming, bird-song-resounding Media forest. There Diumatsena, the exiled king who formerly ruled in Salwa, was presented to me. He was an aged man, and blind, and excited all my pity. As thou art loved, my father, so was he loved by his people; like thee, he sought to promote their happiness. But misfortune came to him; he lost his sight; and, taking advantage of this, a neighboring prince made war upon, conquered and banished the blind monarch.

Diumatsena's only son, then a child, could not defend the throne of his father, and, indeed, needed protection himself; and therefore, with his mother, followed his beloved father into exile.

"Diumatsena chose the Media forest for his abode, there to do penance and educate his son. The noble boy willingly applied himself to acquire the accomplishments of a prince, and rapidly progressed and developed, and now has become distinguished above others, not only by reason of his perfect form and stately bearing, but because also of the nobility of his character and the affability of his demeanor. His name is *Satiawan*. Him, my father, I have chosen for my future husband."

"Alas! alas!" interrupted Narada, suddenly, "Sawitri has made a fatal error in choosing Satiawan!"

Aswapati sprung, in surprise, from his seat. "Dost thou count it a reproach to him that he is a prince without domain?" demanded he of Narada, "or knowest thou of some other fault in him?"

"In *him* I find no fault; for he possesses all the virtues; his blameless character is like the sun in splendor and the mountains in firmness. He is, too, as beautiful as the moon and as generous as the sea. But a cloud is over him which darkens all. Know that in one year from this hour, yea, from this very moment, his young life will fall, beyond rescue, to *Yama*, the death-god!"

"Alas!" now also cried Aswapati, aghast; "alas! my poor daughter! how do I pity thee, that thou must surrender thy first love; but the prophecies of Narada are always fulfilled! In one year, Satiawan will be mourned as dead. Therefore

forget this noble one, and once again go upon thy journey to choose another for thy husband."

Sawitri's cheeks, which had been of a glowing red, now grew suddenly pale.

"How sayest thou, my father?" asked she slowly, but in a firm voice. "Thou thyself hast taught me never to be faithless to a decision formed by duty. Thou thyself hast sent me to choose a bridegroom; and now my heart clings to my duty, and will not suffer me to retract. Shall *thy* daughter, oh my father, not possess the strength to endure the coming misfortune? Think! father; man attains but *once* that which but *once* death takes. I chose the unfortunate, but blameless Satiawan; and I can never become untrue to him! I will never choose another for my bridegroom. Therefore, whatever the fate which awaits him, hinder me not from giving to him my hand!"

Narada rose. "I knew not," said he to the king, "that in Sawitri such a noble love had been kindled. Such love makes her decision unchangeable. Thou should'st not seek to persuade her to another choice!" And with these words he took his leave, and in a moment disappeared from the sight of Aswapati.

For a moment the king was lost in thought; then turning, full of tenderness, to his daughter, he pressed her with emotion to his heart and gave her, with tears, his paternal blessing. He was greatly moved as he said to her:

"I must indeed look forward with sorrow and apprehension to that time when misfortune will rob thee of a scarcely possessed husband; but how can I bear to embitter to

thee thy first and true love, my daughter? How can I break my promise to wed thee to him whom thy heart should choose? Take, then, the noble Satiawan, and possessing him, be thou as happy as he will be, possessing thee! May the evil which overhangs his head be averted by thy love!"

Sawitri fell upon the neck of her sympathizing father, and having kissed away the tears in his again brightening eyes, she hastened to her mother, to ask her blessing also. The father followed her, and the weeping mother confirmed his decision. Neither could have opposed the inclination of the beloved daughter.

"Let us not delay," urged she to her husband, "to lead Sawitri to her chosen one. The sooner we wed her to him, the longer her happiness will last; for the longer will she possess him."

The king made speedy preparation for the wedding train. He selected Brahmins of the highest class, and servants and handmaidens as her attendants. He caused a rich dowry to be packed upon camels. A guard of honor was appointed to attend the train. In the centre of the royal chariot was seated the queen-like bride, her graceful form enveloped in costly veils, from which her noble head, with its waving curls and lovely star-like eyes, rose grandly. All who beheld her — the incomparable one — were filled with delight and moved to loud-spoken admiration. More than once was heard the exclamation:

"This is a child of the gods. May Heaven protect her!"

In every place through which the joyous train passed, thousands gathered to offer to the departing daughter of the king their sincere adulation.

At length the Media forest was reached, in which was the hermitage of the much-tried aged king Diumetsena; and soon he was descried, in the distance, reclining upon the soft kusa-grass, beneath the shade of a mighty sala tree.

Aswapati caused the chariot to stop, and sent forward a hermit to announce his approach to King Diumetsena. Then he advanced to him with these words:

"I greet thee, noble king! and, as to a brother, extend to thee a friendly hand. My daughter Sawitri has bestowed her love upon thy son, and I have come to conduct her to thee. Accept her as a daughter, and give to her thy love. She is worthy of it!"

Diumetsena stepped forward, overcome with emotion.

"What do I hear?" cried he. "Is it true that the gods once more show favor to my house, and wish to reward the virtues of my beloved son? He has borne, unmurmuring, with me the fate of exile. The only sunshine in his life — uncheered except by parental love — was this youthful love for thy daughter; but that heavenly light was clouded by the fear that thou might'st withhold thy sanction to her marriage with the son of a king robbed of his realm. Noble Aswapati! I accept thy hand, and shall remain grateful for ever for thy complaisance. Our great love for our children, and desire to promote their happiness, has brought us together. May it keep us united for all time! But," he added thoughtfully, and with hesitation, "will thy daughter, accustomed to life in a palace, be able to endure the deprivations which an abode in the forest of penitence will impose upon her?"

"Thy fears are groundless," answered Aswapati. "As parental love has made life in the forest of penitence endurable to thy son, so will conjugal love sustain Sawitri in all the trials of her new sphere. With probing mind she has weighed possession against deprivation — the palace against the hermitage. Her decision has grown only the stronger with the thought that she may embellish the life of her husband in the forest of penitence, and make easier for him its privations. Think no more, therefore, of the former condition of Sawitri, but receive her, without apprehension, as thy daughter."

Tears of joy rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of Diumetsena, and down his silvery white beard.

"Bring hither my wife!" he exclaimed, in a voice trembling with excitement, "that she may share my joy. Bring my son, that he may, from my hands, receive his happiness! And thou, my daughter," called he, weeping, to Sawitri, "come to my arms! Give me thy hand, that I may place it in the hand of my son."

Meanwhile the queen and her son had hastened thither. Satiawan, in an ecstasy of love, received his adored bride, and folded her rapturously to his heart.

"How happy thy love has made me!" he murmured.

Sawitri could not speak; but she returned the passionate kisses of her lover, and tears of joy and content welled from her deep eyes. A Brahmin, summoned by Aswapati, pronounced a blessing upon them, and the union was perfected. After the wedding festivals which followed, Aswapati took his leave, to return to his capital, accompanied by the delightful consciousness of having made two beings happy.

III.

THE HAPPY UNION.

After the departure of Aswapati, Sawitri laid aside her royal jewels, and changed her rich apparel for the simple but becoming *baste* garb of the hermits, and thereafter devoted herself industriously to the care of the household and the support of her parents-in-law, to whom, by reason of her sweet ingenuous ways, and her sincere and affectionate manners, she soon became indispensable.

Her greatest satisfaction and her chief object in life was sought and attained in the society of her husband. She learned how to make his life pleasant by anticipating his most secret wishes, and, by kindly forethought, to keep from him anything that could trouble him. Moreover she learned how, by proper arrangement and system, to maintain the affairs of the household in such order as to please Satiawan. Was it a wonder that he worshiped the very ground she trod upon, and showed to her the greatest possible deference and consideration?

Week succeeded week, month followed month — nearer and nearer approached the dreaded day on which Satiawan was to die. Not without the greatest, but unexpressed, anxiety and distress could Sawitri recall the terrible prophecy of Narada. The thought that every moment brought her husband nearer

to the brink of the grave, made her heart stand still, and oppressed her with a melancholy which she was unable at all times to wholly conceal. If at times a tear shone in her sweet eyes, she brushed it quickly away, or, with a swift kiss and a bright smile, hid its cause. The constant and seemingly unrequired solicitude with which she devoted herself to the welfare of Satiawan, led him to suppose that many of her tearful looks were caused by her concern for his passing welfare, and induced him to devote himself with still more tenderness to her.

And now Sawitri had counted three hundred and sixty-one days since she had heard Narada's prophecy of ill.

"Only four days more!" she lamented, weeping, "and my short-lived happiness will be ended. I shall not be able to bear it. Hold!" cried she, suddenly starting up, "would it not be possible to propitiate the gods by an atonement? What hope the thought brings to me!" and she determined to fast and pray without ceasing for three days, and neither to sit nor sleep until the gods were appeased.

When her parents-in-law learned of her purpose, they, not knowing the cause, determined to dissuade her from it; but Sawitri was not to be dissuaded. She entreated them not to impede her performance of her vow; for the welfare of her beloved husband was concerned in it. Finally consenting, Diumetsena said to her:

"Thou hast indeed undertaken for thyself a severe penance; but as it concerns thy husband, it is not meet that I should try to dissuade thee from it. May the gods give thee strength to execute thy purpose!"

NARADA'S PROPHECY. *Page* 279.

The penance of Sawitri was performed without interruption. The third night had set in, and still the constant one, pale as a statue, and as beautiful, stood before the altar consecrated to the gods. When, at last, the last hour of the last night was past, with a fervent prayer she left the holy place and hastened to find her husband, who had no foreboding of the fate which the faithful wife sought to avert.

Happy in his unconsciousness of peril, her husband was lying, as she entered his apartment, in peaceful slumber; and the faithful woman, after lightly impressing a kiss upon his forehead, stole away as softly as she had come, to greet also her parents-in-law.

At that moment the Brahmins were passing, on their return from their morning devotions. They met Sawitri with respectful greetings, and offered to her their congratulations that she had so well sustained her arduous penance.

"Hail to thee!" said the chief Brahmin, placing his hand in benediction upon her forehead; "may the gods long preserve thy husband, and reward thy piety with health and happiness!"

A tear fell from the eyes of Sawitri as she thanked him, for she thought anxiously of the hour which was to decide whether the gods had listened to her prayers. And now her mother-in-law came toward her from her house, with open arms, and pressed her to take the refreshment which was so necessary to her after her three days of fasting; but Sawitri said gently, as she kissed her mother-in-law affectionately:

"I have vowed to let no food pass my lips until the sunset of the fourth day; and cheerfully I will keep my vow for the sake of my husband."

While the sympathizing mother was replying, Satiawan came hastening thither with an axe and a basket. He tenderly embraced his beloved wife, and thanked her for her steadfastness in prayer, and said that he also had vowed an offering to the deities for her welfare, and was now on his way to the forest, to gather berries and wood for the purpose. Sawitri offered to accompany him; but he waved her back, objecting that she was too much exhausted from her vigil and fasting. But Sawitri pleaded:

"In *thy* presence I feel no exhaustion; and, moreover, I have vowed to devote the day after my three days of penance entirely to *thee*."

The anxious Satiawan appealed to the judgment of his parents to restrain her going. In vain!

"Do not attempt to dissuade me," she entreated; "for a whole year I have not been out of the hermitage; to-day, on the anniversary of our wedding, I long to wander by my husband's side through the blooming forest, with its spicy, fragrant air. That will strengthen me more than food and drink." How was it possible for the parents to refuse this request to the sweet petitioner?

"Go in peace, my children," said Diumetsena, with emotion; "but go not too far into the forest, lest you lose your way. When you return, we will celebrate the anniversary of your union;" and thereupon Sawitri took the arm of her happy husband, and drew him away; and soon they disappeared from the eyes of all, amid the shaded paths of the forest.

With playful words and cheerful smiles Sawitri concealed

her anxiety, and kept from sight the clouds of grief which shadowed her soul. She made Satiawan take note of the blooming trees and shrubs; of the delicious singing of the birds; of the splendor of the herons, the swans and the peacocks; of the crystal clear rivulets and the milky-foaming mountain brooks as they leaped merrily from rock to rock — and of many another beautiful thing; and Satiawan took delight in all.

"How blissful it is," said he warmly, as he tenderly stroked the cheeks of his wife and pressed her soft little hands, "to enjoy, with thee at my side, all this beauty which a kind deity has bestowed upon nature, and to know that my every thought and feeling is shared by thee!"

Sawitri gazed, with loving faith, into his eyes. He fancied it was a tear of joy which he kissed away as it welled out between her tender glances; but, alas! it was one of sorrow, shed in advance, in her dread uncertainty of the near approaching decision of his fate.

IV.

THE GOD OF DEATH.

THE loving couple — Sawitri and Satiawan — had arrived at a place where there was an abundance of the most delicious strawberries, and Satiawan began to gather and fill his basket with them; and then, taking his axe, commenced to hew branches from the holy trees, when suddenly an unnatural perspiration appeared upon his brow; he felt his strength failing; a faintness and exhaustion came upon him, and it grew so dark before his eyes that he dropped his axe, and would have fallen, had not Sawitri, who had not once taken her eyes from him, observing his condition, hastened to support him.

It was the very hour at which, a year before, the dreadful prophecy of Narada had been uttered!

"Thou art trembling, Satiawan! Thou art ill! Come, let us go home," she said tenderly.

"I lack strength to move," he answered faintly; "let me sit down on the moss for a moment. The blood is rushing to my head, and my limbs are burning!"

"Calm thyself, dearest!" besought Sawitri, who feared that the dreaded moment had come in which the prophecy of Narada was to be fulfilled. "Have I, then, sacrificed in vain to the gods?" thought she; and her heart stood still, in apprehension.

She seated herself on the ground, and with infinite tenderness took the head of the sick man upon her lap. Looking up, she saw a man of gigantic stature, with black curly hair, and clad in garments of blood-red. He was striding easily through the thickest of the forest, the dense undergrowth not impeding his progress at all. From his dark eyes gleamed a fiery glance, which seemed to light up the strong, perfectly formed features of his wonderfully beautiful countenance. In place of staff or weapon, he held in his hand a thin cord.

When Sawitri saw that he was advancing directly toward Satiawan, upon whom he was gazing thoughtfully and seriously, the nameless dread she had felt sprang up in her heart to its full height.

She laid the head of her swooning husband gently upon the moss, and advanced resolutely toward the stranger, with these words:

"I know that thou art divine, and therefore I have confidence that thou wilt not disturb the repose of my husband, who has suddenly fallen ill. Speak, great god! and conceal not from me the purpose with which thou hast approached us mortals!"

"Sawitri," answered the unknown, in a grave tone, "it is not our custom to give account of our acts to mankind; but *thou* art dear to the gods, because of thy sacrifices and thy fidelity to thy husband, and *thou* shalt be answered. Know that I am *Yama*, who demands the souls of men, to bring them before the throne of judgment of the highest god. The life of Satiawan is, at the end of this hour, due to Fate; and I have come to demand his soul."

"*Thou?* great prince of death!" exclaimed Sawitri, who in the presence of danger suddenly gained courage. "How does it come that *thou* lowerest thyself to a task which else thy servants would perform? I prithee return, and desist from the execution of this demand. It is not worthy the *Master*."

"Thy undaunted spirit," replied Jama, "and thy high courage prevail upon me to tell thee that I myself have come, because I deemed no one of my servants worthy to convey the soul of the virtuous Satiawan."

At these words he bent over Satiawan and drew forth his soul, with which, held with closest care, he was about to turn away, when Sawitri, with tearful eyes, hastened after him, that she might still be with her husband. Jama glanced kindly back to her and said:

"Return, Sawitri, and bury the body of thy husband, and console thyself with the reflection that every man is destined once to pass into the realm of shadows."

"Oh! then permit me also," besought Sawitri, wringing her hands, "to follow thee into the realm of the dead! I have so willingly offered sacrifices and prayers! Listen now to my entreaty!"

Jama was moved by the devotion of Sawitri.

"Choose thou a boon," said he graciously. "Whatever thou shalt ask shall be granted to thee—*thy husband's life alone excepted!*"

"If thou wilt not grant to me the life of my husband, vouchsafe then to the much-afflicted Diumetsena the recovery of his sight!"

"Thy request is granted! At this moment Diumetsena is

joyfully amazed at his suddenly recovered vision. He wishes nothing more longingly than thy return, so that he may *see* thee, and that thou may'st share his joy. Therefore return. Moreover, thou art not able to bear the fatigue of a longer journey."

"Oh! I feel no fatigue, nor can I part from my beloved husband, who is more than my life to me. Great Jama! suffer thyself to be softened, and take me with thee to the realm of shadows!"

"I rejoice at thy conjugal fidelity. I will grant to thee one more boon — *but the life of thy husband I except!*"

"Oh, mighty one! Gladden my father-in-law by the recovery of his realm. *Seeing*, let him enter it!"

"Thy request is granted!" responded Jama. "Now begins a revolution in Salwa, which in a few moments will result in the banishment of the hated usurper. In an hour the messengers will be on their way to announce to the rightful ruler, in the Media forest, the homage of his people. Return, Sawitri, before evening sets in, and share the joy which awaits thy father-in-law."

"Great god!" implored Sawitri, on her knees, "if it be true that even the god of death can show mercy, then show that mercy unto me. *Oh! do not send me back!* Faith knows no night or darkness; and so, for my love, there is *unending day*. I can know no joy, unless shared with Satiawan!"

"Thy constancy refreshes me, Sawitri, as water does the thirsting! I will grant thee one more boon — *but thy husband's life I except!*"

"Show favor unto my father! For more than eighteen years he implored the gods for the blessing of children; but they gave him a *daughter* only, whom he called the *flower* of his bosom. Grant to him a dozen *sons*, that a full *wreath* may crown his head!"

"This request I also grant. To thy father will be given twelve blooming sons, who shall perpetuate his glory. But now let us make an end of this! Set thou out upon thy return, and I will give thee *Peace*, as a companion on thy way."

"Alas! thou gracious god!" sobbed Sawitri, "how cruelly thou smitest my heart in thy kindness! Can *Peace* go with me if my *husband* does not?" and she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. "Thou *takest* life, O Jama! but thou also can'st *give* it; therefore art thou life to me. My life is with thee while my husband abides with thee. Oh! suffer me to remain with thee!"

"Verily, never have I heard such words from a mortal! All men fly in terror when I appear. Thou, only, clingest to me. I will grant to thee one more request — *but the life of thy husband I except!*"

"Then grant to me also many blooming sons, and I will rear them for glory and in the fear of the gods!"

"It is granted! Thou shalt become the mother of blooming boys. A second husband, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, shall sue for thy hand; and may he replace to thee Satiawan!"

"What art thou saying, great Jama? The world is bound together by the association of good *men;* but the duty of a *wife* is to love faithfully one worthy man only; that wom-

an is not good who can love two. I possessed that one man in Satiawan. He cannot be replaced! Never can I love another! He will forever possess my whole heart; my life is bound with his!"

"Thou speakest winningly, Sawitri; whom would not thy fidelity move? Choose a last favor, and it shall be granted thee!"

"Is it thy will to grant me my most *cherished* desire?"

"Doubt it not, Sawitri. Jama has never yet broken his word!"

At these words Sawitri shouted with delight. "*This* time, O dearest god!" she cried, "thou hast forgotten to except the life of my husband! And, trusting in thy irrevocable divine promise, I cry: 'Hail, Satiawan! long live my beloved husband!' O Jama! thou can'st not recall thy word; thou *must* complete my happiness. The life and happiness of Satiawan is my most *cherished* desire! Without him there is for me no joy or pleasure, either in this world or in heaven! Without him I can not live, either here or there! Therefore, fulfill thy promise, and grant my wish!"

"I grant it thee!" said the vanquished god of death. "Thy love, O woman! hath outwitted me, and thy constancy hath won my heart. Thou hast prevailed! The soul of thy husband has returned into his body. Through thy fidelity the noble man has been given back to life, and will pass a long and happy life with thee; but *thy fame*, thou constant one! and *thy fidelity*, shall be immortalized on earth! In future, it shall be wished to the newly-married bridegroom — '*Be thou as happy as was Satiawan through Sawitri!*' Every poet of the beautiful and of the good shall crown his creations with thy glory!"

V.

THE REWARD OF LOVE.

Jama had suddenly disappeared. Sawitri called after him words of gratitude; and with winged steps hastened to the spot where lately she had left the body of her husband. What an indescribable joy came to her when, softly approaching near, she heard him breathe again! She seated herself quietly where she had sat before, and again took his head upon her lap, to await the awakening of the loved one; and then he unclosed his eyes and met the delighted gaze of his wife, who folded him to her heart, and kissed him rapturously.

"Oh! my beloved wife!" were the first words which the newly restored to life, with a deep sigh, spoke to his faithful mate. "How glad I am," he added, after a little pause, "that thou art near me! I feel so weary — as if I had returned from a long journey. Tell me, dearest, was there not here a stern dark man, who tried to separate me from thee by force? I saw thee, in the distance, following me; but I could not draw thee to me. Tell me, was it only a dream? — O gods! how confused my head is! — I remember that we were going to gather wood for the sacrifice, when I fell ill. How heavily I have dreamed!"

"Thou hast not dreamed, dearest! There was indeed a stern dark man here, who looked gloomily upon thee; but

he has gone, and will not harm us any more. Arise! let us return now, so that the night shall not overtake us in the forest."

"Then it was not all a dream!" exclaimed Satiawan. "Speak! where has he gone — that terrible one whom I could not resist? Did he indeed drag me along for a distance, not suffering thee to accompany me? — Ah no! — it was nothing but a dreadful dream. I have not left thy side, sweet one!"

"Come with me, Satiawan! Thou has not *dreamed* only. To-morrow I will tell thee all about it. Hasten! Night approaches. Hearest thou not in the distance the frightful howl of the jackal, which terrifies my heart with its sepulchral cry?"

"I hear it well; but I feel too feeble to walk. Thou can'st not possibly find the way alone, for even now it begins to darken. In what a helpless plight do we find ourselves!"

"Calm thyself, Satiawan. I carry always with me fire-stone and tinder. Let me strike fire and kindle a torch, and that will light us on our way. I will hang the basket on this tree, and we will come for it to-morrow; and I will carry the axe in my hand for a weapon."

"Do so, my dear," said Satiawan, "even though the light do but keep off the wild beasts! How anxious about us my parents will be! I have never before returned so late. While they are longingly waiting at home for me, here am I in the forest, forsaken and helpless!"

"Thou art not forsaken," soothingly interposed Sawitri, who meanwhile had lighted a torch. "See! I, thy faithful wife,

am with thee! True, thou art still weak and suffering from thy illness; but I have strong shoulders with which to support thee."

Satiawan, leaning upon his wife, and summoning all his strength, which seemed to increase by exercise, approached nearer and nearer to the dear home; and when, after much difficulty, he had reached it, felt quite well again.

What was it that kept the faithful Sawitri from sinking under the burden of her husband's weight in the forest? It was the sense of what, by her courageous spirit and the strength of her love, she had accomplished! By the grace of the gods, she had restored to her father-in-law his sight and dominions; gained for her father sons, and for her husband *life*, haloed by the rays of a glorious future!

Satiawan was not a little astonished to find, at so late an hour, a great commotion in the usually quiet parental dwelling; and when Sawitri informed him that she knew the cause of it, and that his father had recovered his sight, his eyes sparkled — though he could but think it a kindly invented tale.

But there, indeed, came the aged father, without staff or guide, hastening out to meet his children! He kissed them, and led them both into the festively lighted room.

"Come to my arms, my incomparable daughter!" he cried rapturously; "thou art more charming than even my wildest fancy depicted thee! It is certain that we have thee alone to thank, and thy persevering penance, that the gods have shown us so much favor this day. They have restored to me not only my sight, but my dominions. Behold here the royal chariots from Salwa! Behold my faithful counselors, who have

come to conduct me to my proper place! Come nearer, my brave son! Receive the purple and the crown from my hand! Thou art worthy to be the protector of our people. After trials well endured, receive thou thy princess as a *royal* spouse! Brahma has so ordered that we can make return to the dear one for all the blessings she has brought to our house."

The interview was suddenly interrupted by the sound of horns. Chariots, surrounded by guards, approached the dwelling of Diumetsena.

"What is this?" exclaimed Diumetsena.

"What has come over Sawitri?" cried Satiawan.

Sawitri had hastened out. She had recognized the voice of her father, Aswapati.

"My father!" cried she, sinking in glad surprise into his arms.

Aswapati had concluded that, in accordance with the prophecy of Narada, his son-in-law had died, and had hastened to the Media forest to console his daughter. What was his astonishment when he beheld the aged Diumetsena in possession of his sight! and when his son-in-law, clad in purple and crowned, advanced to meet him! and when he learned of the wonderful interview of Sawitri with Jama! Never could he have thought it possible that happiness in such full measure could come to his daughter.

Sawitri would not leave his side; and not until after midnight and the repeated admonitions of her mother-in-law, did she seek repose. On the following day Aswapati joined the rejoicing train which departed for Salwa, where the people, wild

with joy over the return of their beloved royal family, embraced each other, celebrated feasts, strewed the streets with flowers and hung the houses with flags and garlands.

The young queen Sawitri attracted the gaze of all by her beauty, and was greeted with shouts of joy. There now began, for her and her husband, an enviable life of happiness and content. Every year Aswapati, with his wife, came to visit his daughter, dwelling in peace among the people whom she made happy, and finding her mission in promoting the happiness of her husband and in the education of her noble sons.

She and her husband attained great age, and, after their deaths, were deeply and sincerely mourned by the whole country. Not alone did the poor, to whom she was a mother and protector, shed sincere tears to her memory; but the rich and noble, to whom she was friend and counselor, mourned their great and irreparable loss.

The people raised to her a magnificent monument, bearing this inscription:

. . . . SAWITRI,
whose fidelity and love
conquered even the God of Death!"

To this day they say, in Salwa, of a truly noble woman, to whom they wish to accord the highest eulogy:

"She has the self-sacrificing love and the unchangeable fidelity of *Sawitri.*"

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